LE FLAMBEAU - 1920

LE FLAMBEAU

"THE TORCH"

1920

VOLUME IV

LEAP YEAR NUMBER

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THE WATCH OF ST. GENEVIEVE

MAIN BUILDING

VILLA NOTRE DAME, WASHINGTON LODGE

RIGHT REVEREND LEO HAID, D.D., O.S.B.

Dedication

As a mark

of our

Devotion and Appreciation

we dedicate the 1920 Edition

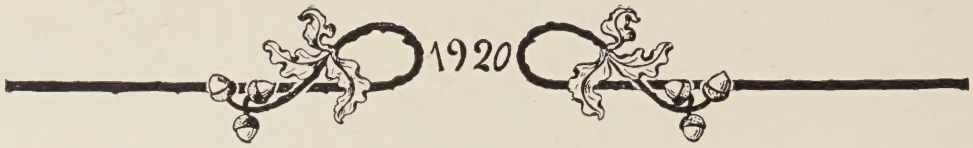
of

Le Flambeau

to

The Rt. Reverend Leo Haid, D.D., O.S.B.,

Bishop of North Carolina



TEN years ago the Right Reverend Leo Haid, as Abbot of Belmont and Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina, celebrated his silver jubilee. What we regret is that such a joyful occasion should have preceded the birth of "Le Flambeau." Time evidently regrets it too, for now she begins to give us recompense for our sorrow by presenting the Bishop's Monastic golden jubilee, thus honoring us with an opportunity to publish heartfelt congratulations. Our sentiments are best expressed in the words of a devoted North Carolinian writer, Christian Reid, (who so appropriately named this region "The Land of the Sky"). The following selection is extracted from her beautiful poem written in honor of the Bishop, in 1910.

". . . like those famous abbots of old days,
In whom the scholar, saint and statesman met,
Whose glorious deeds the centuries still praise,
Whose lasting work the world cannot forget,

Stands forth the stately form of him we greet
On this his day of happiest jubilee,
In whom the same high gifts and powers meet,
In whom the same great type we clearly see.

* * * * * * * *

Cathedral-Abbey!—so we know it now,
The young foundation, radiant and strong,
And hail the double mitre on the brow
Of him we pray may live to wear it long.

He who a double burden long has borne,
As Abbot and as Bishop truly great,
Has carried light to many a spot forlorn,
And taught the lessons that men's hearts await,

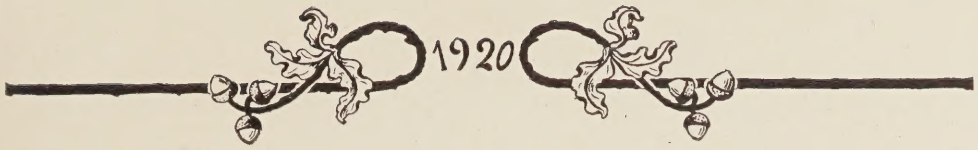
Of knowledge, wisdom, guidance in the ways
That lead to that which is of highest worth,
And lends eternal value to the days
Of our brief life upon this troubled earth.

And on these tireless labors, broad and clear,
Heaven's blessing rests for all men to discern,
In the success that crowns each glorious year
To which we now with grateful tribute turn.

Then let the grand *Te Deum* rise and swell,
Like the exultant music of the sea!
And let the pealing gladness to each bell
Ring forth the tidings of this Jubilee!

From earth to heaven the joyous anthem raise,
In which a myriad hearts their greetings blend,
Praying for our loved Bishop length of days,
Honor and blessing that may never end."

MOLLY BOWMAN, College '20.

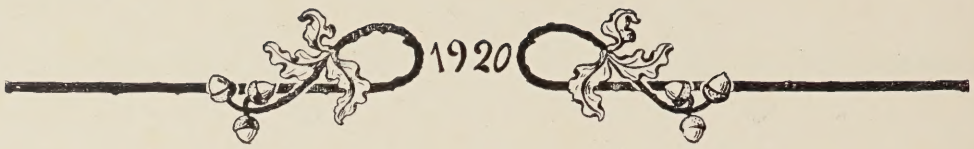


Foreword

Le Flambeau, is my name,
Just four years lit in May;
But, fannéd into flame
One bright propitious day

That leaped into this year
To feed my torch anew,
I flicker far and near,
And darkness I pursue.

I flash in dreary hearts,
And glow with radiant hues
Till all my fire starts
A-burning out the blues.



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St. Genevieve's College
1928

Alma Mater Song

(To the music of "Juanita")

Oft in our dreaming, lingering yet among thy halls,
When in the future duty doth us call,
We will not forget thee, nor the love we learned to prize;
We will still remember all thy name implies.

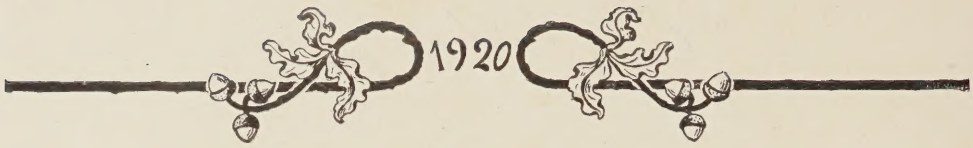
CHORUS

Our dear Alma Mater, St. Genevieve, we love thee well,
Our dear Alma Mater, more than words can tell!

High 'mid the mountains, like a star that's ever bright,
Saint Genevieve, thou spread'st thine own true light!
By thy high endeavors our country's youth is trained a-right,
And in all that's worthy finds a great delight! *(Chorus)*

'Mong thy geen temples, laughter echoes ever more,
And daily pleasures repeated o'er and o'er.
Will not time relenting let our hearts again return,
And 'mid love and joy let the old flame burn? *(Chorus)*

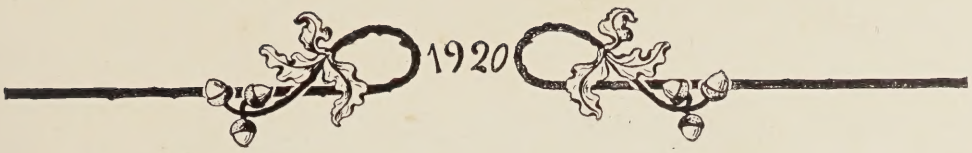
C. E. T. D. V. D.



Sonnet to the Forget-Me-Not

Though springtime fills the air with fragrance sweet
And all her flowers strews o'er verdant field,
Not one do I with greater pleasure greet
Than her I find in marshy glen concealed—
A dainty flower clad in pale blue gown,
Lying in rest and listening to the brook
Whose music doth the whisp'ring zephyrs drown.
O what a quiet, cool, refreshing nook
Has she, this flower, chosen for her home!
Secluded though she be from worldly folk,
Lovers of beauty ever fondly roam
Beyond the woodland glades and spreading oak
To where her tender voice is crying out:
"Forget-me-not, or I thy love will doubt."

Mollie Bowman,
College, '20.



MOTTO *IN VERITATE VICTORIA*

EMBLEM *OAK*

FLOWER *FOR-GET-ME-NOT*

COLORS *FOR-GET-ME-NOT BLUE AND GOLD*

AGNES GERTRUDE GIBSON

"Born for success" *she* "seemed
With grace to win, with heart to hold,
With shining gifts that took all eyes."

Secretary of Children of Mary, '17, '18
Business Manager of "Le Flambeau," '18, '20
Editor-in-Chief of "Le Flambeau," '19
Captain of Basket-ball, '18, '20
President of Literary Society, '20
Secretary of Literary Society, '19
President of Sigma Phi Gamma Sorority, '19
President of Senior Class, '20
President of Junior Class, '19
President of Children of Mary, '19, '20
Captain of Varsity, '20
Secretary of Debating Society, '20
President of Debating Society, '19
Member of Jeanne d'Arc Club, '19
Counsellor of Jeanne d'Arc Club, '20

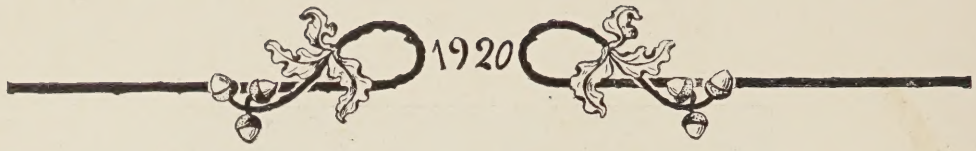
MARY ELLEN BOWMAN

"Honor, that spark of the celestial fire,

. . . . . .

The richest treasure of a generous breast
That gives the stamp and standard to the rest."

Editor-in-Chief of "Le Flambeau," '20
Business Manager of "Le Flambeau," '19
Assistant Editor of "Le Flambeau," '18
Vice-President of Senior Class, '20
Vice-President of Junior Class, '19
Secretary of Dramatic Club, '19, '18
President of Dramatic Club, '20
Captain of Basket-ball, '20
Member of Varsity, '20
President of Sigma Phi Gamma Sorority, '20
Vice-President of Sigma Phi Gamma Sorority, '19
Member of Debating Club, '19, '20
Member of Jeanne d'Arc, '20



"Know Thyself; All Wisdom Centres There"

"Know thyself; all wisdom centres there."

WHEN asked if we agree with this Socratic maxim, each of us responds with an exclamatory "Yes"! But holding a theory is not practicing it. Nearly every young person thinks she posseses self-knowledge. "Think" and "know" however are not interchangeable terms. Maturity alone is capable of rendering a correct interpretation of the proverb. This we learn from a retrospect of college life.

The freshman feels well acquainted with *herself*—she merely seeks *objective* knowledge. Hence a multitude of questions!—Foolish questions, momentous questions, useless questions, impertinent questions! questions that annoy, questions that embarrass, exasperating questions!

But just as a young boy feels "puffed-up" over his superiority to the child and revels in calling forth the admiration of his ignorant inferior, so does the sophomore glory in responding to the interrogations of her under-college-mate who in bewilderment cries out to her: "Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil o'er books consumed the mid-night oil?"

It seems impossible to subdue a sophomore,—her superficiality is appalling. "A little learning is a dangerous thing!" Finding this so well illustrated in the "soph.," the junior wisely quotes to her own class-mates: "Seest thou a man in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him."

Observation has taught the junior much about the world, and now by introspection she is learning to know herself, to weigh what she has acquired from objectivity, and to give it a subjective application. She frequently repeats to herself:

"And I oft have heard defended
Little said is soonest mended."

She begins now to know *why!* However, even she is still in her minority, and until reaching majority, with its contemporary "senior-ship," she will remain to a certain degree ignorant of herself. At present she feels that graduation will see her education completed. Only a senior realizes that though we may

"Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun."

Experience alone teaches us also that "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Take the advice of a senior: Let experience analyze and maturity explain the proverb: "Know thyself, all wisdom centres there."

M. E. BOWMAN, '20.

The Blue Bird

THE "Blue Bird" is a typical example of the drama of today. In art and philosophy, it is essentially modernistic, hiding under a flashing grandeur of scenery and a strange, wonderful mingling of light and shade, darkness and color, a philosophy which is an artful blending of what is elevating and degrading. Although a "Fairy-Play," and, supposedly a dream, it is replete with meaning and suggestion. This, added to the fact that the entrancing atmosphere of the drama is one calculated to enliven the vivid imagination of a child, makes the "Blue Bird," at one and the same time, one of the many fascinating yet dangerous among modern productions.

The "Blue Bird" is the story of Mytyl and Tyltyl, the two children of a wood-cutter, who, under the guidance, first of Fairy Berylune, and later of Light, go in quest of the Blue Bird, the "great secret of things and of happiness." With the aid of a gift from the Fairy, (a green hat with a diamond ornament), the children are enabled to see the inside of things, and to converse with the various objects and animals which go to make up animate and inanimate nature. Attended by the Cat, hypocritical and fearful, sanctimonious Sugar, Water, and Milk, "a tall, white, bashful figure who seems to be afraid of everything," they reach first the "Land of Memory," where they speak to Daddy and Granny Tyl, and capture a bird "blue as a blue glass marble," only to find upon their departure that it has changed color.

Proceeding to the "Palace of Night," the "guardian of the Mysteries of Life," and protectress of all the Diseases and Sicknesses which oppress mankind, they gain entrance into "the most unexpected of gardens, unreal, infinite and ineffable, a dream garden bathed in nocturnal light, where, among stars and planets, illuminating all they touch, flying ceaselessly from jewel to jewel and from moonbeam to moonbeam, fairylike blue-birds hover perpetually and harmoniously down to the confines of the horizon, birds innumerable to the point of appearing to be the

breadth, the azured atmosphere, the very substance of the wonderful garden." (Act III, Scene 1). At such a wonderful sight—the realization of all their hopes and desires—Tyltyl and Mytyl cry aloud with joy, and escape with hands full of birds of "azure" wing, leaving Night alone with the Cat, who, seeing her fear, reassures her: "_____ I see him there, on that moonbeam_____. They could not reach him, he kept too high____" (Act III, Scene 1).

Although disappointed again, Tyltyl and Mytyl continue their search through the Forest, the Graveyard, the Kingdom of the Future, and even into the Palace of Happiness, where Mæterlinck, with a charming ingenuity, introduces in contrast to each other the Luxuries and the Joys. Finally, they awake from their dream, only to find themselves at home in bed, and their little bird bluer than it has ever been before. But later, as Tyltyl tries to take it from the little daughter of Neighbor Berlingot, it escapes. The little girl is in despair but Tyltyl, infinitely wiser after his long search, reassures her: "Never mind, don't cry_____. I will catch him again____ (stepping to the front of the stage and addressing the audience). If any of you should find him, would you be so very kind as to give him back to us?____We need him for our happiness, later on_____." (Act VI, Scene 11).

We have already granted that the "Blue Bird" is enthralling and fascinating. Lovely and unusual pictures are presented to the imagination, sweet sounds to the ear, and strangely delicate and fanciful images to the eye. The author seems to be, in reality, in search of a magnificent and exquisite beauty, the delineation of which constitutes the principal charm of the drama. However, this is indefinitely increased by the variety of the scenes and places, presented in such a manner as to bring both contrasts and resemblances into prominence. From the Forest—with its atmosphere of darkness, its majectic oaks, gnarled roots, and dense underbrush—made more fearful and lugubrious by the warfare which ensues between its trees and its animal inhabitants and the Dog, who poses as the advocate of man, Light and Mytyl and Tyltyl proceed to the Palace of Happiness. There, the Luxuries, upon the turning of Tyltyl's diamond, "seeing themselves at last as they really are, that is to say, naked, hideous, flabby and lamentable____begin to utter yells

of shame and dismay"____and "to hide themselves in corners which they hope to find dark. But there is not a shadow left in the dazzling room. And so the majority decide to pass thru the threatening curtain, which, in an angle on the right, closes the vault of the Cave of Miseries," (Act IV, Scene II)—only to be replaced by troops of little Happinesses revelling in the dazzling brilliancy of the room, and dancing in circles about the children. I believe it is here that Maeterlinck displays most imaginative ability, and more direct power to appeal and to charm. The style is, perhaps, more poetic than anywhere else, the stage setting more artistic and more ingenuous than in any other scene except the Kingdom of the Future. Lastly, and better still, the conception is lovely, sweet and pure; it is wholesome and entirely free from philosophical fallacy. The following passage, a part of the explanatory directions, is remarkable for its subtle charm and artistic value. But in reading it, one must forget that it is put there to be produced in effects. It must be simply read, as a lovely bit of poetical prose: "Forthwith, the stage is lit up with an ineffable pure, divinely roseate, harmonious and ethereal brightness. The heavy ornaments in the foreground, the thick red hangings become unfastened and disappear, revealing an immense and magnificent hall, a sort of cathedral of gladness and serenity, tall, innocent and almost transparent, whose endless fabric rests upon innumerous long and slender, limpid and blissful columns, suggesting the architecture of the Palladian churches or certain drawings by Carpaccio, notably the "Presentation of the Virgin" in the Uffizi Gallery." (Act IV, Scene II) and again "The halls begin to fill with angel forms that are seen to be emerging from a long slumber and glide harmoniously between the columns. They are clad in shimmering dresses, of soft and subtle shades: rose-awakening, water's-smile, amber-dew, blue-of-dawn, etc." (Act IV, Scene II). Such passages as these are to be found for the most part in the stage-settings. However, a few, such as the following in the play itself, are remarkable for their delicacy of tone, and beauty: "Never forget that I am speaking to you in every spreading moon-beam, in every twinkling star, in every dawn that rises, in every lamp that is lit, in every good and bright thought of your soul." Act VI, Scene I). But although some detached passages are beautiful

the scenes are disconnected, and the dialogue often strained and unnatural. Materlinck centers as much—even more—attention on the stage-settings as on the plot construction, and style. In addition to this, the play cannot be given the title of a drama, for it lacks those qualities which are essential. As Charlton Andrews says, it is a " 'Christmas Pantomime' with words, but distinctly an entertainment merely, and not a drama."

All the beauty of the "Blue Bird" is not confined to beauty of language and expression in the stage settings. Noble and elevating theories are presented, and rendered more attractive by the manner in which Maeterlinck imparts them. What a wonderful contrast is made between the Luxuries, who, in the Palace of Happiness, "sit eating, drinking, shouting, singing, tossing and lolling about or sleeping among the haunches of venison, the miraculous fruits, the overturned jars, and ewers," (Act IV, Scene II), and the wholesome, invigorating, uplifting Joys: "And then when Evening comes, here is the Happiness of the Sunsets, who is grander than all the kings in the world and who is followed by the Happiness of seeing the Stars Rise, who is gilded like a god of old.____Then, when the Weather breaks, here are the Happiness of the Rain, who is covered with pearls, and the Happiness of the Winter Fire, who opens his beautiful purple mantle to frozen hands.____And I have not mentioned the best among us, because he is nearly a brother of the Great Limpid Joys whom you will see presently: his name is the Happiness of Innocent Thoughts, and he is the brightest of us all." (Act IV, Scene II). What could be more appealing than these pure Joys, who present to the minds of Tyltyl and Mytyl images of beauty, simple and untainted by contact with roughness and vice! Maeterlinck here seems to preach the same doctrine as Galsworthy does in the "Little Dream," although he does not fall into the same error of declaring that man must necessarily indulge in the baser and more vicious pleasures. He chooses always and for every one the simpler joys—those which consist in loving and appreciating natural, and not artificial, beauty. The most touching of them all is the Joy of Maternal Love, who says to the children: "Why of course I have stopped growing old____. And every day brings me fresh strength and youth and happiness____. Each of your smiles makes me younger

by a year." "All mothers are rich when they love their children____There are no poor mothers, no ugly ones, no old ones. Their love is always the most beautiful of the Joys____. And, when they seem most sad, it needs but a kiss which they receive or give to turn all their tears into stars in the depths of their eyes." Thus, one after another, Mæterlinck, by means of Light, reveals to the children the innumerable Happinesses ever present in their lives, the infinite Joys which are always in the reach of every man, but which man usually ignores. He here seems to imply that any human being has always at hand (if he will only use them) the elements necessary to natural happiness. I suppose Maeterlinck, to counteract the pessimistic ideas expounded in some of his earlier plays, tried to give in the "Blue Bird," an optimistic theory of life. But he only seemingly does this, for the new philosophy takes away the very foundation of real happiness.

In this play we find the author's philosophy concerning man, his present and future state on earth, the after life, the origin and formation of the universe, and even his idea of God. But he very carefully eludes any mention of One Supreme Being. At times, this philosophy seems really lofty, almost sublime; at others, it attacks all belief and aims at a veritable revolution in all accepted ideas concerning life and eternity.

Maeterlinck's idea of the universe is made known in the scene where Cat, Fire, and Water first appear, and the Cat speaks thus to Bread: "Do you remember the time, when, before the coming of the despot, we wandered at liberty upon the face of the earth? Fire and water were the sole masters of the world; and see what they have come to!____As for us puny descendants of the great wild animals____Look out!____Pretend to be doing nothing! I see the Fairy and Light coming____. Light has taken sides with Man; she is our worst enemy____." (Act II, scene I). Here is seen the germ of an evolutionary theory, for according to Maeterlinck, all animals have descended from other forms of life, and the whole universe was, in the beginning, a sort of chaos with Fire and Water predominant. Surely, this theory is not an advance in philosophical thought. It marks a decided relapse, and a return to the crude beliefs of the most primitive of all the Greek philosophers. Maeterlinck also seems to hold a doctrine of dynamism, attributing

souls to animals and the lower forms of life. For the Cat says: "All of us here present Animals, Things, and Elements possess a soul which man does not yet know. That is why we retain a remnant of Independence." (Act II, Scene I). All this material world subject to man, is opposed to him and tries to prevent his advancement. This point makes one recall, by way of contrast, the peculiar philosophy of Thomas Hardy, who, unlike Maeterlinck dooms man to failure in spite of all his efforts; the one reduces him to almost entire nothingness, the other raises him to the level of a god. This last belief is plainly seen in the "Blue Bird."

I do not see how Maeterlinck accounts for the creation of man except through evolution from those very forms of life which are now in dire opposition to him. But even though animal nature drags him down, and does all in its power to keep him from attaining happiness (an entire natural knowledge of all the universe), man still goes ever ahead. Aided by Light, he advances onward and always nearer to the goal. Light, surely Reason or some natural faculty of man, is gradually lifting the veil of ignorance, and Maeterlinck hopes that, later, all will be revealed____even those things which as yet seem mysteries (and some of which will always be mysteries to man in his natural state, although Maeterlinck refuses to believe it). Man's reason points the way, and urges him on to search into all things; before now, acceptance of theories on faith has hindered his progress. What he needs is the spirit of curiosity which will suggest to him new modes of action. Thus, Maeterlinck thinks that man is better off now than he has ever been. Hence the following significant passage by Night (or the former darkness of our minds), who is entirely opposed to this rapid enlightenment: "Oh, dear! oh dear! What times we live in! I never have a moment's peace____. I cannot understand man these last few years____. What is he aiming at? Must he absolutely know everything? Already he has captured a third of my Mysteries, all my Terrors are afraid and dare not leave the house, my Ghosts have taken flight, the greater part of my Sicknesses are ill." (Act III, Scene I). This and the following lines show that man is able to rise above all obstacles, however, terrifying:

Tyltyl (in the Palace of Night): "Here is the great middle door."

Night: "Do not open that one."

Tyltyl: "Why not?"

Night: "Because it is not allowed__"

Tyltyl: "Then it's here that the Blue Bird is hidden____. Light told me so." And he enters. Then Maeterlinck tries to prove the absolute supremacy of reason, and indirectly aims at the rejection of revelation. As early as Act I, Tyltyl who, upon seeing a radiant figure rise up before him, cries out: "It's the Blessed Virgin!" is corrected by the Fairy: "No, my children, It's Light."

Again, later, he more clearly attacks belief in the Blessed Virgin, when Maternal Love says: "You believe yourself in Heaven; but Heaven is wherever you and I kiss each other____. There are not two mothers; and you have no other____. Every child has only one, and it is always the same one and always the most beautiful____.' (Act IV, Scene II). These last sentences are not connected in idea with what comes before or after. They are simply and obviously put there. Everyone knows that the second mother referred to could be no other than the Blessed Virgin, for she is the only one who has ever been given that title.

So Maeterlinck, after evolving man from the animal, and attributing souls to animals, goes on to assert the superiority of mind over matter! We all grant the truth of that belief. In the first speeches of the Fairy, we see what a salutary influence a mind and soul pure and filled with faith, may exert upon all the actions of a lifetime. Thus we live in expectation of something really sublime on hearing expressions such as these. The first is made by the Fairy, in response to Tyltyl who declares that the home of the rich children across the street is wonderfully beautiful: "It's no more beautiful there than here" (Act I) and later, when Tyltyl says: "I can see all that isn't hidden____," the Fairy replies, "But you should see the rest with as little doubt." (Act I). Does this not seem to arise from the sincere conviction and deep realization of the value of spiritual things in comparison with those of earth? But later—even on the next page—this is practically contradicted, and we realize that Maeterlinck is laboring under a great delusion. He

seems to ignore all material circumstances and conditions. By thinking a thing true we make it true! ! Any one may choose his own way of regarding the external world__. In fact, we could make everything much more beautiful than it really is if we would only will it. There is no such thing as pain, or suffering, or misery, for us unless we desire it. This theory is true to a certain extent. (The material world, the evidence of the sense is often a sad reality for us). Pain and suffering can be endured within certain limits____. Will power can sustain us, when we are very fatigued or ill____. But, nevertheless, no amount of power could endure forever in opposition to agonizing and excrutiating pain. And it is just the same for everything else. Maeterlinck's idea of the influence of mind over matter is therefore exaggerated. It is the influence of a mind which does not aid the perception or the evidence of the senses by completing them. On the contrary, it either implies that all true knowledge comes from within, or that man is incapable of any comprehension whatever. This would end in a reductio ad absurdum, for Maeterlinck's development of this theory is that man is capable of any and everything, and will eventually be the supreme lord over all creation. The animals realize this: "If he finds the Blue Bird, he will know all, he will see all, and we shall be completely at his mercy" (Act II, Scene I). Then the Dog exclaims: "There is Man and that's all!____ We have to obey him and do as he tells us! That is the one and only fact!____ I recognize no one but him!____ Hurrah for Man!____ Man forever! ____In life or death all for Man! Man is God!____"!!!

So Maeterlinck belevies that man is capable, perhaps not now, but later (by a process of evolution) of arriving at a full knowledge of the universe. The Kingdom of the Future exemplifies this theory, and gives a sort of prophecy concerning the future life of man on earth. Maeterlinck stops here. He evidently considers that no greater than a natural happiness can be reached. There is no heaven or hell after we leave this world. There is no such thing as a life after death except in the memory of people still on earth. If no one thinks of the dead they are non-existent. In the "Land of Memory" Granny Tyl, brought to life again by the visit of her

grandchildren, says: "We are always here waiting for a visit from those who are alive! They come so seldom!" "Every time you think of us, we wake up and see you again!" (Act II).

So happiness, if attained in life, is taken away after. For it is dependent on the minds of men, and is still at the most, nothing but a natural happiness. Man has everything in his own hands, and no mention is made either of God, or any supreme being except "Man."

Therefore, all points taken into consideration, the "Blue Bird" is to be condemned rather than praised. Acceptance of such theories would mean the rejection of the tenets of Christianity —those lofty, noble, elevating truths unfolded by the Son of God, made man to show us how to gain an eternity of supernatural happiness.

Agnes Gibson
Lycée and College, '20.

Lycée

Emblem-IvyLeaf-Fidelity

Flower-SweetheartRose

Motto

Aucun chemin de fleurs ne
conduit a la gloire

MARGARET DICKERMAN

"J'amais la vertu n'exerça plus d'empire."

President of Jeanne d'Arc Club, '20
Secretary of her Class, '20
Member of Dramatic Club, '19, '20
Member of Sigma Phi Gamma Sorority, '20
Member of Debating Club, '19

ETHEL MERCER

"J'admirais sa douceur, son air noble et modeste."

Secretary of Jeanne d'Arc Club, '20
Member of Glee Club, '19, '20
Member of Dramatic Club, '20
Member of Sigma Phi Gamma Sorority, '20
Member of Debating Club, '19, '20

MARY MEEHAN

"Un esprit doux et simple, ami de l'équité."

Treasurer of College, '20
Member of Jeanne d'Arc Club, '20
Member of Dramatic Club, '19, '20
Member of Sigma Phi Gamma Sorority, '20
Member of Glee Club, '19

ANNIE KATE WELLS

"Sois joyeuse. La foi vit sans l'austérité;
Un desreflets du ciel, c'est le rire des femmes."

Varsity Team, '20
Member of Jeanne d'Arc Club, '20
Member of Glee Club, '19, '20
Member of Dramatic Club, '19, '20
Member of Sigma Phi Gamma Sorority, '20
Member of Debating Club, '19, '20

Jeanne d'Arc Club

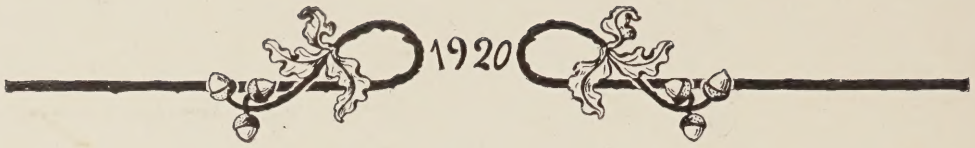
ON the hill crowned by our dear St. Genevieve's the love of la belle France and of her beautiful literature is being cultivated, and to the Jeanne d'Arc Club is entrusted the honor of organizing a monthly program for this purpose.

The little society, comprising a chosen few, meets at the date fixed to enjoy the sweet illusion of passing an hour in France, and to applaud the young actresses who interpret the great masterpieces.

The officers of the club (1919-1920) Margaret Dickerman, president, and Ethel Mercer, secretary, assisted by their counselor, Agnes Gibson, have made these reunions—at which the French language only is employed—very interesting.

The development of the theatre in France forms the subject matter of our study this year. At the November meeting a very complete account of the beginnings of the theatre was presented by Agnes Gibson. This paper, particularly interesting by the curious details it involved, was enthusiastically received. The audience was charmed and agreeably surprised as they realized once more that our young Americans of St. Genevieve's could rival their French sisters.

The following meetings were not less agreeable. Mary Meehan and Annie Kate Wells con-



tributed a great deal to the success by their devoted and intelligent help. Sometimes the members interpreted passages of Molière, of Corneille or of Racine. Sometimes it was the old troubadours themselves who furnished the club with their charming selections, then came the turn of Lamartine, of Victor Hugo, of Père Delaporte, whose magnificent poem "Le Cœur De Jeanne d'Arc," recited by Margaret Hemphill, thrilled every patriotic heart. Naturally the national anthem was never forgotten and everyone rose joyfully at the first notes of the Marseillaise.

An enjoyable surprise arranged by our dear Mother Lorin gave a particular charm to the December meeting. Real French refreshments were served; delicious confections made by Madame Dellerue gave a delightful relish to the ordinary recitations.

Mention must here be given to the remarkable papers of Margaret Dickerman on Corneille and of Ethel Mercer on Racine. The great French tragic writers have seldom been more worthily celebrated by our Lycéennes. Helped by other members, they presented scenes of Rodogune and of Andromaque in order to show the force and grandeur of the "Père de la Tragédie Française," and the pathos, the simple beauty and the harmony of the "plus français des poètes."

The Club has decided to end the work of the year in honoring the great comic poet, Molière. "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" will be acted by the Lycée and the College, and we feel sure that the success of this final meeting will worthily crown the accomplished work during the year 1919-1920.

MARGARET DICKERMAN,
Lycée, '20.

Mme. de Sevigne et Mme. de Maintenon

EN parcourant l'histoire des lettres on remarque que les femmes se sont toujours distinguées dans le genre épistolaire. Elles semblent portées comme d'instinct à goûter cette forme de la littérature qui représente au naturel, et mieux que tout autre genre littéraire, la vie et les mœurs d'une société ou d'une époque.

Au dix-septième siècle deux femmes se sont acquis une gloire durable: l' une par son immortelle correspondance, l'autre par ses lettres et par ses Entretiens sur l'éducation des filles.

Il est difficile de faire un rapprochement entre deux natures si lifférentes, dont l'une semble avoir éte créée pour plaire par les charmes de l'esprit et du cœur, et l'autre pour instruire par sa raison solide et sa haute intelligence.

Mme. de Sévigné était admirablement bonne et possédait une délicatesse exquise. Fidèle à ses amis dont elle était l'idole, elle les payait largement de leur affection par son amitié vraie et inaltérable . Elle aima beaucoup son mari et son fils, mais c'est surtout envers sa fille qu'elle prodigua les richesses de son cœur, et cet amour maternel, vraiment admirable, nous a valu les plus belles pages qu'elle ait écrites. Mme. de Sévigné est en général plus goûtée que Mme. de Maintenon. Comprise et recherchée de ses contemporains, elle a été de même appréciée et louée par tous les critiques éminents qui sont venus depuis. Ils sont tous d'accord à dire que c'est un écrivain de génie dont les lettres sont pleines de grâces, de finesse et d'une naïveté aimable qui rappelle celle du bon La Fontaine. En somme, la spirituelle marquise plaît à tout le monde par son naturel, sa gaieté, l'intérêt qui se dégage de ses lettres et fascine le lecteur. Que de petites comédies, d'incidents variés, de détails curieux prennent successivement place sous la plume "qui trotte le bride sur le cou!" Parfois le sérieux fait place au comique, des pensées profondes remplacent le badinage, on est tout étonné de rencontrer des réflexions philosophiques de la plus haute portée, dignes de Pascal ou de Bossuet.

Mme. de Sévigné donne librement ses opinions sur les auteurs contemporains, souvent avec une vivacité piquante. Corneille lui semble supérieur à Racine et les écrivains de Port-Royal, surtout Pascal et Nicole, font ses délices. En parlant des Essais de Morale, elle dit à sa fille: "Je voudrais en faire un bouillon et l'avaler." Et encore, pour montrer que son goût l'emporte

contre son jugement: "Je n'ose vous dire que je suis revenue à Cleopatre. Je trouve le style de La Calprenède détestable et toutefois je ne laisse pas de m'y prendre comme à de la glu."

En lisant la correspondance de Mme. de Sévigné on voit ce qu'elle a été: une femme pleine de douceur et d'amabilité, souverainement agréable à cause des grâces de son esprit, de son savoir étendu et de la bonté de son cœur. Universellement aimée aimée et admirée, admirée, elle a passé au milieu de la brillante société du XVII siècle comme une fleur épanouie done le parfum demeurera à travers les âges dans le monde littéraire.

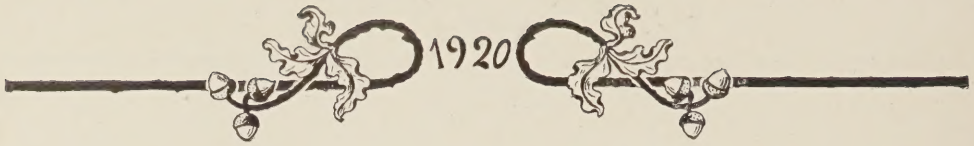
"Consultons la Raison" disait Louis XIV en parlant de Mme. de Maintenon. C'est en effet sa qualité dominante, c'est par là qu'elle brille et aussi qu'elle intéresse. Quoiqu'elle fût la moins romanesque des femmes, sa vie ne fut qu'un enchaînement d'aventures: née en prison, tout enfant faisant le voyage d'Amérique, nous la voyons bientôt revenir en France où, après les années de pension payées par sa bonne tante, Mme. de Villette, elle fut jetée à Paris sans ressources et contrainte d'épouser le poète infirme Scarron. Les leçons du malheur, utilisées par un bon sens supérieur, firent de Mme. de Maintenon une personne sage et très pratique. Chrétienne convaincue, elle veut avant tout faire le bien; c'est son but à la cour lorsqu'elle reçoit la tâche délicate d'élever les enfants de Mme. de Montespan. Belle, aimable, discrète, elle attire les regards du maître. Peu à peu, son ascendant sur le monarque est assez grand pour que la Reine puisse s'écrier: "Dieu a suscité Mme. de Maintenon pour me rendre le cœur du Roi." Si plus tard elle accepte de devenir l'épouse de Louis XIV, c'est avec le louable dessein d'exercer une mission salutaire à la cour; elle n'est point éblouie par l'éclat de sa nouvelle position, et refuse les honneurs que le roi veut lui rendre. Au lieu de dépenses pour elle-même, elle préfère la fondation du Pensionnat de St. Cyr pour les jeunnes filles nobles sans fortune. C'est dans cette retraite que Mme. de Maintenon va déployer ses admirables qualitiés d'institutrice, qualités que nous retrouvons dans ses entretiens, ses instructions aux classes, ses conversations et ses proverbs.

Le cercle de ses idées semble plus étroit ou plus mesuré que celui de Mme de Sévigné. Bannissant de ses lettres la gaieté et la frivolité, elle n'écrit jamais que dans un but tile; l'esprit et l'agrément ne s'y trouvent point, elle s'occupe d'affaires de la dernière importance, des intérêts de la France, c'est un personnage officiel!.. Elle critique les ouvrages de l'esprit, son goût est

sûr; elle aime à lire St. François de Sales et Fénelon; le talent de Racine la ravit, aucun ouvrage ne lui paraît plus beau qu'Esther, et elle s'enflamme pour Athalie. Son style est conforme à sa pensée, sérieux, éloquent, concis. . . Il ressemble à celui qu'elle se plaît à recommander dans ses lettres. "La principale chose pour bien écrire est d'exprimer tout uniment ce qu'on pense, on ne trouve jamais d'esprit quand on le cherche."

Ces deux femmes remarquables sont un des plus beaux ornements du grand siècle. Mme. de Maintenon n'a pas le génie incomparable, l'esprit et la grâce de Mme. de Sévigné, mais une raison supérieure domine dans tous ses écrits où toujours l'on puisera d'utiles conseils, de sages instructions, en particulier sur le grand sujet qui a été la passion de sa vie: l'éducation des filles.

A. Gibson,
Lycée, College, '20.

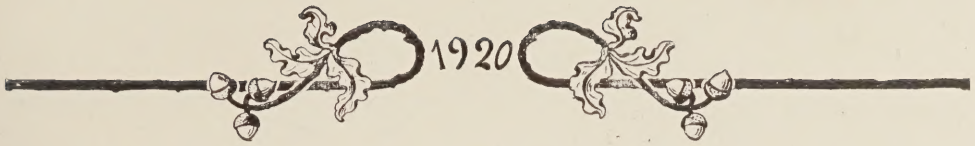


Chimene et Iphigenie

CHIMENE et Iphigénie sont les figures les plus touchantes et les plus agréables qu'on puisse trouver dans la tragédie. Chez toutes deux on aperçoit des traits aimables et charmants, des sentiments purs et élevés qui nous offrent de nobles exemples.

Le poète nous présente Chimène à l'âge où tout sourit dans la vie. Fille d'un noble seigneur espagnol, belle et pieuse, avec des manières gracieuses et distinguées, Chimène aime Rodrigue et elle est sur le point d'épouser ce jeune seigneur qui possède, lui aussi, de brillantes qualités. La joie remplit son âme et lui fait croire que son bonheur est assuré. Tout à coup arrive la nouvelle affreuse de la mort de son père tué dans un duel par son amant. Alors toutes ses espérances de bonheur s'évanouissent, et une lutte terrible s'engage dans son cœur! Elle ne peut se défendre d'aimer toujours Rodrigue, mais le devoir demande la mort du meurtrier! Chimène n'hésite pas, sacrifiant généreusement son amour, elle court demander justice au roi. Même quand Rodrigue, couvert de gloire après ses exploits contre les Maures, revient dans la capitale castillane aux acclamations du peuple, Chimène insiste pour obtenir sa mort. Un courage si ferme ne faiblit jamais, excepté pendant quelques instants, quand le roi lui tend un piège pour surprendre le fond de son cœur. Ce moment de faiblesse nous plaît, il montre un côté plus humain du caractère de Chimène. Quand la jeune fille laisse échapper le fameux "Va je ne te hais point" ou quand, afin d'empêcher Rodrigue de courir à sa perte, la nature pousse ce cri: "Sors vainqueur d'un combat dont Chimène est le prix," nous pouvons mesurer l'intensité de la lutte qui s'est livrée dans l'âme de Chimène, et si l'héroine s'oublie à ce moment suprême où elle entrevoit la mort certaine de Rodrigue ah! nous ne pouvons lui en vouloir, elle nous semble plus près de nous, nous lui savons gré de n'être pas trop parfaite et nous avons pitié de sa souffrance. Ces faiblesses ne durent qu'un instant chez Chimène, bientôt la volonté redevient souveraine maîtresse et le devoir serait obéi rigoureusement, si le roi n'intervenait avec son autorité suprême et indiscutable: "Rodrigue t'a gagnée et tu dois être à lui."

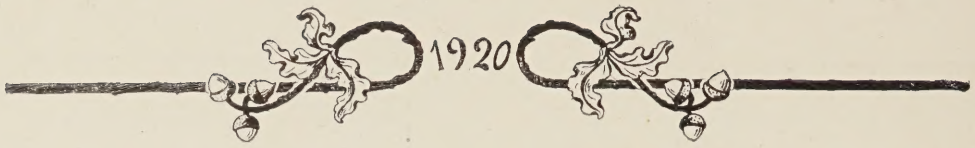
Iphigénie, fille d'Agamemnon, est fiancé à Achille, un des plus vaillants des Grecs. Probablement qu'elle est presque de même âge que Chimène, et d'ailleurs d'une beauté qui n'appartient qu'aux héroines grecques. Douce et aimable envers tous, affectueuse avec sa mère, soumise à la volonté d'Agamemnon, son père, Iphigénie aime Achille de toute l'étendue de son cœur. Mais, pour accorder des vents favorables à la flotte grecque, les dieux réclament une victime du sang d'Hélène, et Iphigénie est désignée. Tous ses rêves de bonheur sont anéantis! Son amour est menacé de périr avec sa vie, mais la jeune fille se montre admirable. Pour obéir à son père elle résiste aux supplications ardentes de Clytemnestre et, dans un entretien avec son fiancé, qui veut et peut la sauver, Iphigénie se sacrifie complèment pour accomplir son devoir, et elle déploie, dans ce combat difficile, un courage surhumain qui en fait l'héroine de la piété fiale.



Si on la compare à Chimène, Iphigénie soutient dignement la comparaison; en présence du devoir elle ne faiblit pas un instant, mais sa passion pour Achille n'a pas l'étendue et la force de celle de Chimène pour Rodrigue, il lui est plus facile de gouverner ses sentiments. C'est le désir d'obéir à son père qui lui donne la force de résister aux supplications de sa mère et de son amant. Douce et résignée, elle va subir sans se plaindre les coups du Destin, et ce n'est que l'heureuse intervention des dieux qui la sauve d'une mort terrible et la rend à Achille.

Les deux caractères de Chimène et d'Iphigénie sont également beaux, ils nous présentent des modèles de désintéressement et d'obéissance au devoir dans les circonstances les plus dures à la nature. L'une a sacrifié son amour pour venger son père, l'autre pour obéir à son père. Chimène est pleine de dignité et de force, Iphigénie est plus douce et plus parfaite. Toutes deux sont cornéliennes par leur courage et leur vertu, et raciniennes par leur sensibilité et leur délicatesse.

MARGARET DICKERMAN,
Lycée, '20.



Le Caractere de Pauline dans la Tragedie de Polyeucte

PAULINE est une des plus belles créations du génie de Corneille, et, sans doute, la plus parfaite de ses héroines. Elle réunit à la fois la fidélité au devoir que nous admirons chez Chimène, et l'amour humain de Camille; en plus, elle est douée d'une vertu généreuse qui lui permet de dominer toujours ses émotions. Une telle femme est digne d'être placée parmi les plus grandes figures du théâtre ancien ou moderne, français ou étranger, car elle possède un ensemble de qualités charmantes et au-dessus de tout éloge. Sa nature tendre, impétueuse est tempérée par une raison supérieure, un équilibre parfait, qui en font une héroine romaine, mais aussi bien française par le bon sens qui se cache toujours derrière son amour passionné.

Ce qu'on remarque surtout dans le caractère de Pauline, c'est sa soumission au devoir. Quels efforts il lui a fallu pour obéir à son père qui lui commande d'épouser Polyeucte! Cependant elle n'hésite pas un instant. Son cœur, il est vrai, se révolte contre cette union, mais elle puise dans l'accomplissement de son devoir, le courage nécessaire pour être non seulement une épouse fidèle, mais une épouse dévouée jusqu'aux dernières limites. Quelle fermeté dans cette résolution si noble! et quelle preuve de la grandeur de cette âme! Rien de faible, rien de désespéré dans les plaintes de Pauline; loin de se livrer à des réflexions inutiles et décourageantes, elle cherche à reléguer dans le passé des souvenirs qui lui sont chers, et elle trouve la paix en suivant la voix de sa conscience.

On ne peut parler de l'amour de Pauline sans mentionner la phrase de Madame la Dauphine, rapportée par Mme. de Sévigné: "Voilà la plus honnête femme du monde qui n'aime point du tout son mari." Ce mot est loin d'être juste. Il est vrai qu'elle n'éprouve aucun amour d'inclination pour Polyeucte; elle l'aime par devoir, franchement, sincèrement, et, si cet amour n'est pas la passion, il est déjà assez fort pour lui causer de vives alarmes lorsqu'un danger menace son époux. Peu à peu la beauté du caractère de Polyeucte apparaît dans toute sa splendeur; Pauline admire cette vertu si rare, au-dessus des forces de l'humanité, et l'admiration qu'elle éprouve pour le héros chétien fait naître en elle un amour passionné qui dépasse complètement celui qu'elle a eu pour Sevère. Elle offre des preuves touchantes de cette transformation. Quelle fidélité! quelle sincérité dans ses supplications à Polyeucte:

"Ne désespère pas une âme qui t'adore."

"Je te suivrai partout et mourrai si tu meurs."

Avec une persévérance infatigable elle déploie les plus grands efforts pour sauver la vie de son mari. Sa puissance de persuasion, son éloquence touchante, l'amour de Polyeucte sont des ressorts qu'elle fait vibrer avec force, et ces supplications émues montrent dans toute leur vivacité l'amour et la tendresse de son âme.

Cependant la lutte va cesser. Au moment où le martyr consomme son sacrifice, Pauline, illuminée des clartés de la grâce, comprend la vérité, son âme si pure est enfin gouvernée par la

vraie foi. "Je vois, je sais, je crois, je suis désabusée." Le vœu le plus cher de Polyeucte est comblé! Pauline est chrétienne, et elle va le déclarer hautement à son père, réclamant le martyre pour aller au ciel rejoindre son époux.

Ainsi se complète la magnifique peinture de ce noble caractère. De sacrifices en sacrifices, l'héroine est montée jusqu'au sommet de la perfection morale, et ce sera l'éternelle gloire du grand Corneille d'avoir présenté sur le théâtre une femme qui fait applaudir la vertu en un lieu où trop souvent on fait l'apologie du vice et de la passion.

ETHEL MERCER,
Lycée, '20.

L'Avenir ? ? ?

One day at Peggy's house
Not very long ago
We cut the birthday cake,
And now our fortunes know.

The thimble first appeared,
Deciding Agnes' fate.
"I'm doomed for life," said she,
"To live in single state."

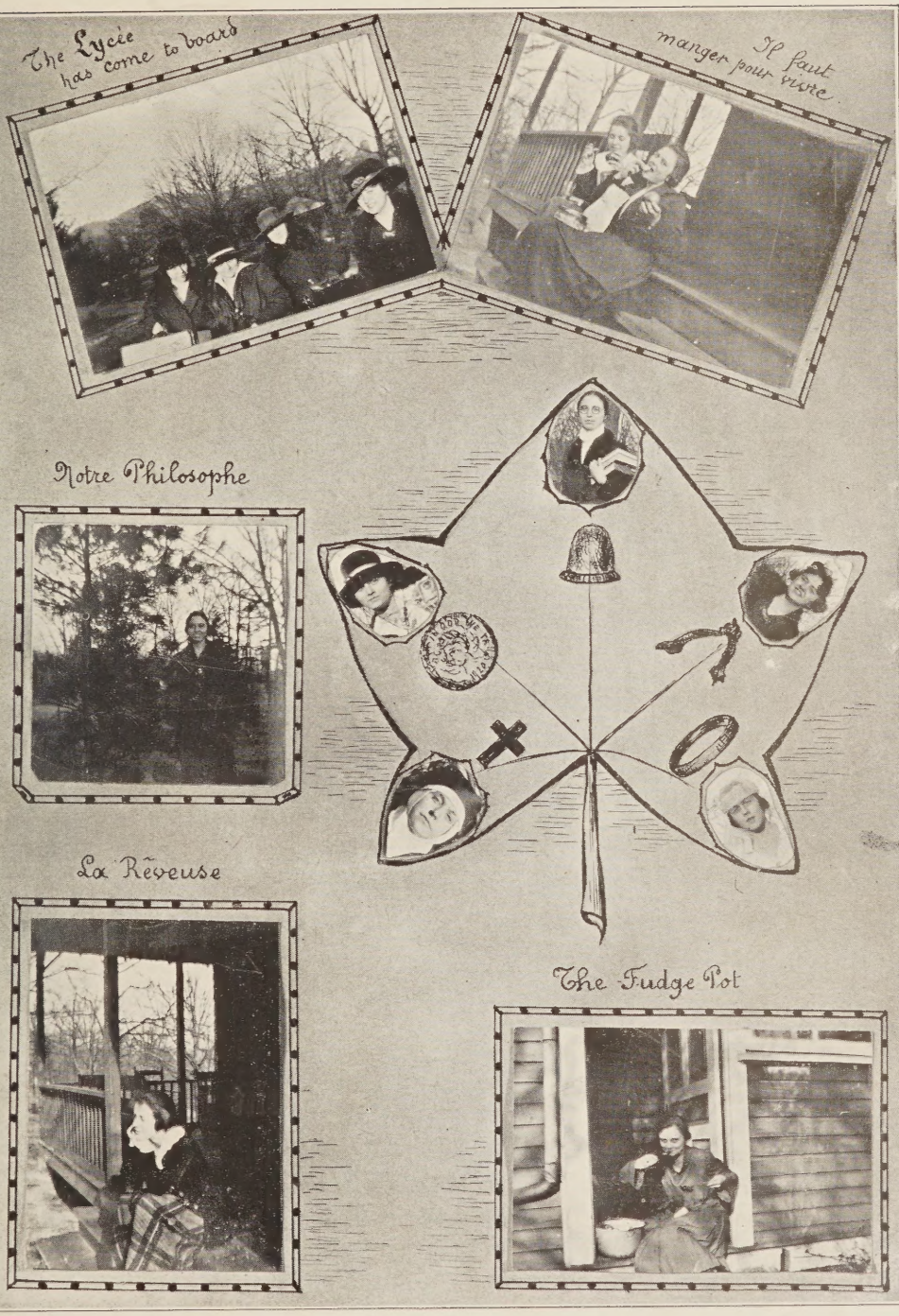
And what did Mary get?
Now guess it if you can,
For this is what she said:
"A man! A man! A man!"

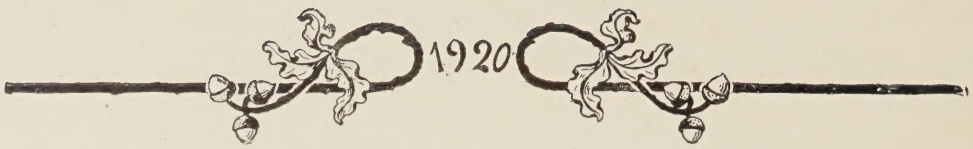
'Twas Anna Kate's turn next.
"I'm luckiest," cried she,
"Health, wealth and happiness,
Are all to come to me."

We saw on Ethel's plate
A shining silver piece.
"Ha, Ha," she said, "for me
Dollars will never cease."

"These things are very fine,
But they are not for me."
Peggy had cut the cross,
She soon a nun will be.

Thus they have told our fate,
These symbols which we drew.
The question which we ask
Is, will they all come true?


The Lycée has come to board
Il faut manger pour vivre
Notre Philosophe
La Rêveuse
The Fudge Pot



IF

(With Apologies to Kipling)

If you can speak in French when all about you
Are speaking English with the utmost ease,
And write in French when genders often rout you,
And tenses seem to try their best to tease.
If you can write a devoir with great neatness
And be told that it's simply one big fault,
And quickly start again with perfect sweetness
And work all afternoon without a halt;
If with those who of French have but a notion
You can converse, and make them understand,
Or else, with those who come from o'er the ocean
And make them think they're in their native land;
If you can spend each little extra minute
So well that at exams you have no fear,
The Lycée yours, and everything that's in it,
And, which is more, you have great "spunk," my dear.

MARGARET DICKERMAN,
Lycée, '20.

A Celles Qui Nous Suivent

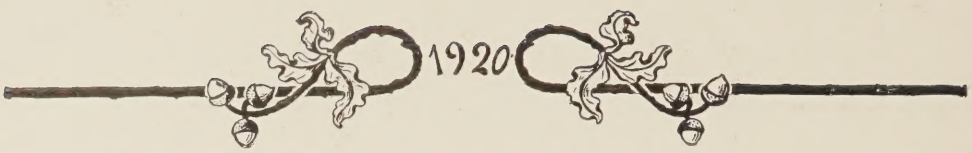
Pour vous encourager ma voix manque de termes;
Mon cœur ne forme point de pensées assez fermes;
Moi-même en cet adieu j'ai les larmes aux yeux.

MISS ELIZABETH TRUE
President of Junior Class

"Aspirations of a Junior"

In our three years of College
We've acquired stores of knowledge;
But the class of twenty-one
With its honors, plus its fun,
Seeks yet the road to fame
With an "A" before a "B"
At the end of every name.

E. TRUE, '21.



Unconscious Wisdom

T'WAS in the general Sociology class that a dear Junior displayed the peculiar kind of wisdom which is so characteristic of us. It was like this: Madame ——— asked the class what scientist held the theory of which we had just been speaking. "Of course," she added, "the Seniors know; but among the others, who will volunteer to answer?"

Up went two hands immediately. Recognizing one as belonging to a Freshman, and very much pleased, Madame gave her the privilege. Hereupon up stood one of our greenest little freshies, eyes sparkling with intelligence, and stated that X—— held that theory. But in a flash she realized that she had guessed wrongly, for a cloud seemed to pass over our professor's face. "Freshie" looked to her big Junior sisters for help; no response came from these sage girls!

"Why, how could he have held that theory? My dear child, don't you recollect that I told you a few minutes ago—"

She was not allowed to complete just what she had told us previously, owing to the fact that a seemingly dignified Sophomore renowned for possessing more self-assurance than any of her class-mates (which indeed must be a superfluity of that sometimes valuable quality) arose and said with a happy, superior air:

"Why, pardon me, Madame, but it was Y—— of course who held that theory because—"

Instantly, a disappointed look assured her that she also had happened to "hit" the wrong one, and so she took her seat minus the self-confident air.

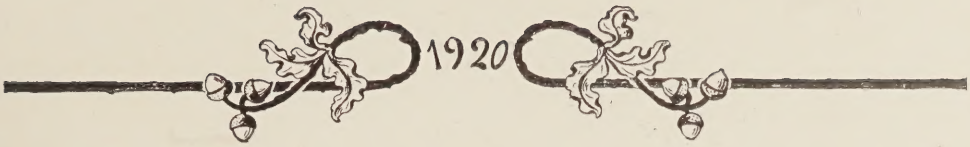
Forthwith Madame ——— looked deliberately toward the Juniors—whom the mere glance of a professor renders speechless.

"Why, what of our silent Juniors? You sit there, really looking as if my subject were too deep for your grasp."

At just this point, though, the bravest one of us stood up, it seemed as if something was bothering her limbs; but she managed to say: "Madame, neither of the men mentioned hold that theory. Darwin is responsible for it."

And then at the happy and proud gleam which shone in the interrogator's eyes, each of the wise girl's classmates gave a sigh of relief, and said to herself: "Well, if we are wisely innocent of our limited stock of knowledge, it comes when needed of its own accord."

R. A. Saunders, '21.



Reconstruction

THE question of Reconstruction in the United States has been occupying the attention of our Government since before the Armistice was signed. It is not possible for me to explain just what has been accomplished towards attaining the goal to which the efforts have been directed, but at least I shall endeavor to illustrate a few phases of this really interesting subject.

When our soldiers began to return home, the all-important question was: what to do with them. Many had been replaced in business by competent women, whose work was so efficient as to make it seem criminal to ask them to leave the positions held during the war. Then, too, many men came back home with quite different ideals and were not at all pleased with the prospect of returning to a desk in a stuffy office, after having lived and breathed in the great outdoors. To these, the Government offered grants of land for a very nominal sum, payable in installments —and the erstwhile office men now became embryo farmers. This plan to all intents and purposes is working out more successfully than at first predicted.

The real problem, however, was that concerning the men who were being invalided home and who, because of their glorious sacrifices, could no longer fill their former places in society. The plans which were conceived and are still being carried out are surprising even to a keen observer, not only for the foresight shown in making them, but for their magnitude and far-reaching results. Men well-versed in educational enterprises now undertook the stupendous task of interesting and re-awakening ambition in the hearts of those who had been wrecked by Mars. In every hospital of our country, there are trained corps of men and women teaching the rudimentary branches of education, as well as the classics;for men with a natural bent for mechanics, there are teachers who are past masters in mechanical lines; for those who have always had a secret ambition to try their hand at cartooning or poster advertising, there are artists to direct these tendencies. After a year of strenuous work on the part of the Government and, at first, only a half-hearted co-operation on the part of the soldiers, life has again taken on rosy tints and Hope, "which springeth eternal," now makes it possible for the invalids to live down their own particular despair.

As for the status of American society today, I do not think there is any real need for pessimism. True we have been told again and again that our own beloved America is being overrun by Bolshevists, that society is degenerating and that extravagance is the key-note of all our affairs, but I still say: "Wait a little longer before passing judgment. Do not be too hasty." It is perhaps natural, after four or more years of economy and self-denial, for a nation to plunge more or less into frivolity, if only as an outlet for pent-up emotions. But within a year or so, this apparent extravagance and carelessness will disappear and people will again settle down to their former mode of living.

As long as the Americans retain their wide-awake attitude towards all questions and keep

their common sense, there is no possibility of radical Bolshevism. The mere fact that the Government does not publish its plans to do away with the instigators of revolution, does not signify that the officials are in a comatose state! On the contrary, our Secret Service Department has never, even during the War, been so much occupied with the tracing down and expediting of trouble-makers.

In every country—good, bad or indifferent—there will always be a certain class of people who follow the philosophy of Epicurus, but with those we are not concerned. They have never yet given anything towards the development of a people or government. We are dealing only with the real men and women behind our Government.

So, let us be Americans in every sense of the word; and, instead of being skeptical and inclined to accept anyone's opinion, let us study out for ourselves this wonderfully interesting life of ours. In this way, by doing our utmost to understand and appreciate what is being done for us and in helping our less-fortunate fellow countrymen, we can do our part in the reconstruction and development of what in our hearts we feel to be "the best country in the world."

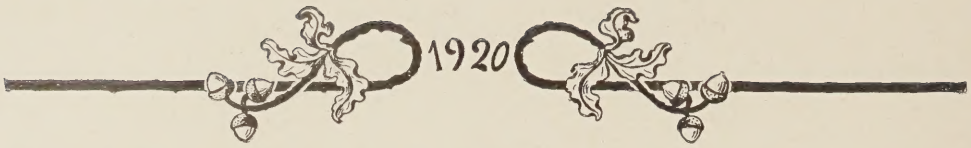
NELL C. KELLY, Special.
Pittsburgh, Penna.

MISS ELIZABETH WHITLEDGE
Sophomore President

Ambitions

The future shore we know is bright,
Glorious as the morning light.
Our chariot to a star is hitched,
But when on life's fair sea we're pitched
We'll make this class of '22
Sound o'er and o'er the words, "Go Through."

E. WHITLEDGE, '22.



A Little Learning Is a Dangerous Thing

MANY maxims and proverbs, quoted since the beginning of time, supposedly come from the sages; but that a present day Sophomore was the originator of the saying: "A little learning is a dangerous thing," seems far more probable than that some Olympian muse should have quoted such fatal words.

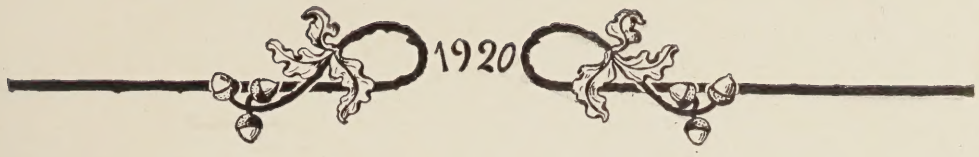
Although our college life has been comparatively short, we have strayed into various branches of knowledge. A troup of us "unlearned Sophs," with a view to the demands of future citizens, were initiated into the science of Political Economy. It was surprising how rapidly we, young hopefuls, mastered the arts governing the state! So forceful were scientific facts, that the representatives of various states departed for their homes, ready to help the governor in directing the state legislature. What a disappointment was ours! Our vast learning of a year's time was not given the opportunity of instituting the Constitutional reforms. Nay worse! Oh, darkest of civic evils!—an attempt to handle political terms caused the polite eye-brow-raising of political friends, and a stern look of disapprobation from the parent who wondered why his daughter need display her ignorance in such affairs, by incoherent mumblings.

But the greatest source of our pride was the Psychology class. The Sophomores with alert figures and interested faces drank in their psychology instructor's lectures. As the learned teacher grew more "enthused" over her subject, we students, enthralled, were satisfied that she expressed our own ideas; a pride in our psychological knowledge causing a little ripple of honest admiration to run through the entire assembly.

Great was our beneficent attitude toward the world as we set out to hear the renowned Professor X's talk on some phase of philosophy. So keen was the appreciation of our learned little body, that we sat, note-book in hand, ready to inflict any criticism he might merit. Suddenly the lecturer, inwardly amused, in order to ascertain if the audience was following him, asked one of the learned number —"point-blank"—"What is sensation?" To the horror of the young lady she was not capable of responding. Horror upon horrors, not one of the mighty Sophomores uttered a sound!

There are sanctuaries which the multitude cannot approach; among them, in the inmost recesses of each sophomore's soul, is the shrine holding the mental table on which the above cited maxim is inscribed—abashing forever the glorious, sophomore pride.

DOROTHY VIRGINIA DEVANY,
College, '22.



The Impressions of Our "Petite Francaise"

ON a sunny afternoon in September, 1919, a young "demoiselle" arrived in Asheville to spend a year as a student at St. Genevieve's College. One of the Sisters had been sent to the station to meet and welcome her.

A big noise, a whirl of smoke, and the train was there. Among the comers was a *little* girl, carrying two suit-cases, almost as big as she was. Going towards her the Sister asked in a sweet voice, if she were not coming to St. Genevieve's. The girl did not answer, but looked, while big tears fell from her eyes. She was just coming from France—had left for the first time, family and friends. Therefore her heart was aching. As sisters are the most "understanding" among people, Madame comforted the girl with kind words, and they took together the way to the college.

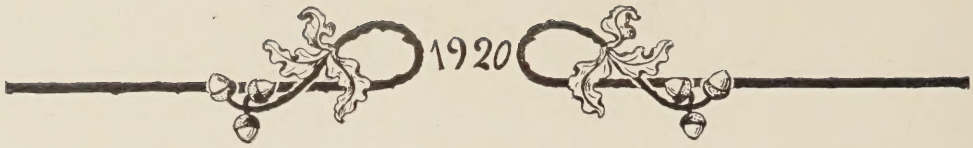
There the girl was introduced to the Reverend Mother and to many of the Sisters, some of them being French. They all kissed her fondly, as if she were bringing something from their dear fair country.

The little girl after this warm greeting had the feeling of having found another home.

The reopening of college was to take place a week later, September twenty-first. Therefore the following days were a delightful chance for her to become accustomed to her surroundings, as well as being a complete rest among the beauties of the autumnal nature. The September sunsets on the Blue Ridge mountains were a real joy to the girl on account of their varied colours, and were also something very different from blue "Paysages alpestres." Very often she used to go to "the Tower" in order to have a bigger view of the city, at the hour when coming night brings its mystery to everything; and unites each member of a family after the struggles of the day.

On the 23rd, many girls came to board: day of anxiety for the girl as she was frightened to meet such a number of young ladies. They came and she met them; their kindness, their affability, attracted the girl, who soon became a good friend of the students.

The first classes were hard to follow because for her they were given in a foreign language, but helped by kind and patient teachers, the French girl did not get discouraged. Understanding them better by degrees, she began to find the classes very interesting. She liked especially the sympathy which tends to unite each student with the others in work and pleasure.



She noticed how everyone expressed her ideas without false shame, which makes the classes more interesting and profitable for each girl who benefits from her friends' ideas.

The college girl's life with its societies, different meetings and organizations, and also the dignified cap and gown were a new experience for the French girl, and another proof of the American spirit, fond of initiative and independence.

As every stranger in a foreign country the "French girl" had funny experiences on account of her pronunciation. It was not rare during the "shopping day" to have a diverting incident; a word mispronounced for instance would be the cause of the lady's mistake, at the "Bon Marche," who brought a pair of white shoe-laces while the girl had asked them brown but wide.

The girl had found in the Reverend Mother true maternal love expressed in every word and act.

St. Genevieve's after all is nothing but a big family, each member of which helps and loves the other, and works willingly for all. More than the other students, the girl could value such a community—so far from home. She had needed this sisterly affection. Therefore the desire to stay another year took birth in her mind and now she intends to stay here for the summer vacation, and wait until next year to go back to the Fair France, knowing she will always find at St. Genevieve's the affection she requires to help her to accomplish her duty.

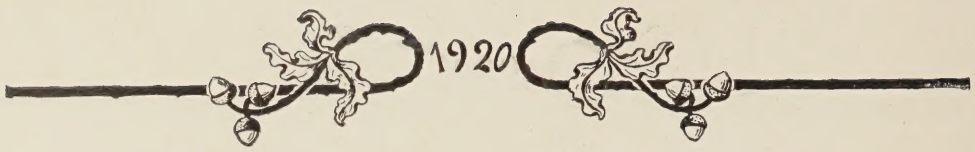
Marie Antoinette Espitalier,
College Special.

MISS MARGARET HEMPHILL
President of Freshman Class

"Resolutions"

Not to be a-dreaming of our high-school revelry;
Not to be a-planning for the times that are to be—
Just to be a-striving with such true and sturdy heart
That in living out our motto we shall realize our part.

M. HEMPHILL, College, '23.



Where Ignorance Is Bliss

"WHERE ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." So said the poet long ago, but he must have forgotten his freshmen days, or else he would have casually mentioned the fact he probably learned at that time, that all ignorance is not blissful. At least this bit of verse is not the light of poor college freshmen; they would prefer an elegy on their past happiness when ignorance was bliss, before they began to grow wise.

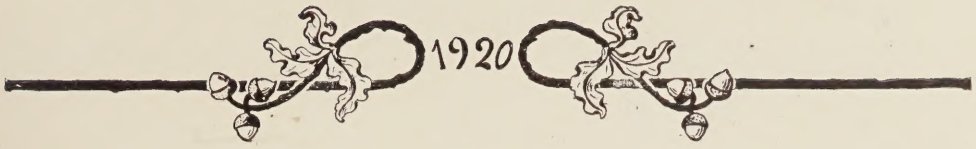
Would you feel light-hearted and joyous as springtime, just because you know about half of what you ought to know and nothing of all you are expected to know? We tell you from the depth of painful experience that such a condition produces no effervescent effect. There is no hilarity in getting one trig. problem out of five, or distinguishing yourself by answering that, "Yes," you know who Plutarch is, "why he was that god or something of the under-regions." You never fail being elated when your professor gives you a crushing look of mingled disgust and pity after one of your flourishing remarks!

Even when ignorance does seem delightful, later events quickly correct this impression. 'Tis quite restful to sleep on in ignorance of the bell clamoring for you to arise; but you appear at breakfast—if you appear at all—in a state of frenzied disorder, only to be met by a cold nod and the chilling query: "Why were you not at morning prayers?"

The only time your profound ignorance might benefit you would be during the Annual "upheaval." While your learned elders rushed about distractedly, using innumerable tablets of paper and quarts of ink, you might be able to smile contentedly while you pursue the even tenor of your way, but this would be a most unusual case. Perhaps to thus escape you would have to be a little too ignorant even for your own satisfaction.

But the consoling thought comes that at the year's close you will know more than before, and you feel that, having advanced this far in the painful pilgrimage of learning, your "green" is not so conspicuous, but sobered and concealed by the ravages of time, as befits one soon to be among those who are a little more wise. Yet sometimes we wonder whether we, too, shall find that "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

MARY LYONS,
College, '23.



The Value of Christian Education

THE cry of today is "education," which, according to some modern social reformers will be a panacea of all evils. Very well,—but of what kind? Will it be true Christian education wherein are united to a knowledge of God and His law, secular learning or will it be the so-called education which aims to teach without uttering the name of God? Alas! if our country must depend upon such training for her children! Miserable will be the land from which its Creator is banished!

Yet such seems to be the intention of present day educators who, thinking to abolish religion in the schools, fail to realize that in doing so they betray the true aim of education. The religious as well as the merely intellectual side of human nature must be developed. The soul must be truly cultivated, its destiny must be pointed out together with the means of attaining it. While in man there is an innate power of distinction between right and wrong, yet unless definite direction is given to it, this perception will gradually lessen; at best, it is a weak substitute for religion which alone can enable man to fulfill his duties. If it is the governing power, the mainspring of man's actions, why then should it not be taught in the schools?

Religion must be taught in schools for it is a vital fact affecting every question. Science, history and literature cannot be treated of properly without either religion or irreligion influencing the discussion. *Christianity is the great interpreter.* If the teacher is not a sincere Christian, the student imbibes theories at variance with the tenets of religion. Throughout school-life there is need of this great "explainer," and, as education advances the necessity increases, while at college it is absolutely essential.

So much for the need of religious training. Now for a consideration of its value:

Such training, apart from its supernatural worth, is almost priceless for the stability it gives to character, the soundness to judgment, and the correctness to taste. Without religion there is no real standard by which to measure conduct.

The young person educated in a religious school is taught the necessity of self-control, of respecting the rights of others, of fulfilling his obligations toward God and society. Furthermore, he has acquired a motive for acting in accordance with his theories.

The beneficial results of Christian teaching are easily perceived, as are the harmful ones attending godless education, which would instruct, and yet ignore the most important subject, religion. The impossibility of preventing some religious interpretation from entering the class room has already been alluded to. He who said, "To educate a man without religion is to make a clever devil of him," made an exact statement of the evil results of irreligious education. Such a man has all his powers perverted, his intelligence, will and energy are turned from their true purpose. Though all secular knowledge may be his, it is worse than useless since he knows not how to em-

ploy it in order to attain the end for which he was created. Far better the simple-hearted Christian possessing "the great pearl above price."

It is true that this precious gift may be merited in later life, but there is no certainty that it will be. Besides, childhood is the time of preparation. Why then should not the child acquire a knowledge of his Maker at the same time that he learns of the wondrous things made by Him?

Perhaps it may be said that the Sunday school is the proper place in which to teach religion. To this it may be answered that while the doctrine and dogmas of religion may be learned there, the practical application of them can be gained only in the daily routine of classes. Religion is the highest study to which man can apply himself, therefore, in the schools, let it take its proper place.

Society without religion has slowly lowered its standard. In like manner, education, in attempting to separate itself from its proper guide, will lose its exalted position and, moreover, will not accomplish its mission, for "whatever ignores religion is foredoomed to failure."

EDITH CROSSLAND,
College, '23.

Sigma Phi Gamma

President ---------- Molly Bowman (Sumter, S. C.)
Vice-President ---------- Mary Reeves (Acton, N. C.)
Secretary ---------- Nellie Belote (Asheville, N. C.)
Treasurer ---------- Frances Hill (Huntington, W. Va.)

Σ Φ Γ

Sketch of Sigma Phi Gamma Sorority

AT the beginning of the year 1916 there was "much ado" in the college department of St. Genevieve's. It was rumored about that plans were afoot for the formation of a sorority.

After a few weeks of impatient waiting, certain students of the college began to receive small, mysterious looking notes containing weird messages, commanding performances of "Impossible" stunts, and threatening dire calamity to the one failing to carry out the instruction written therein.

For the next week the whole school was amused, first by one candidate, and then by another. The time seemed like a gala week and was enjoyed by everybody—I daresay even by those furnishing the general laughter.

On the afternoon of March 13, 1916, thirteen girls assembled in the tower of the college to take their solemn and sacred vows, and thereby to become full fledged sisters of the Sigma Phi Gama sorority. The day was made even more eventful by the fact that it was the twenty-first birthday of Frances Stanton, whom the girls had chosen for their first President. After the ceremonies were completed the sorority celebrated the occasion of her anniversary by giving, in her honor, a dinner and dance at Grove Park Inn.

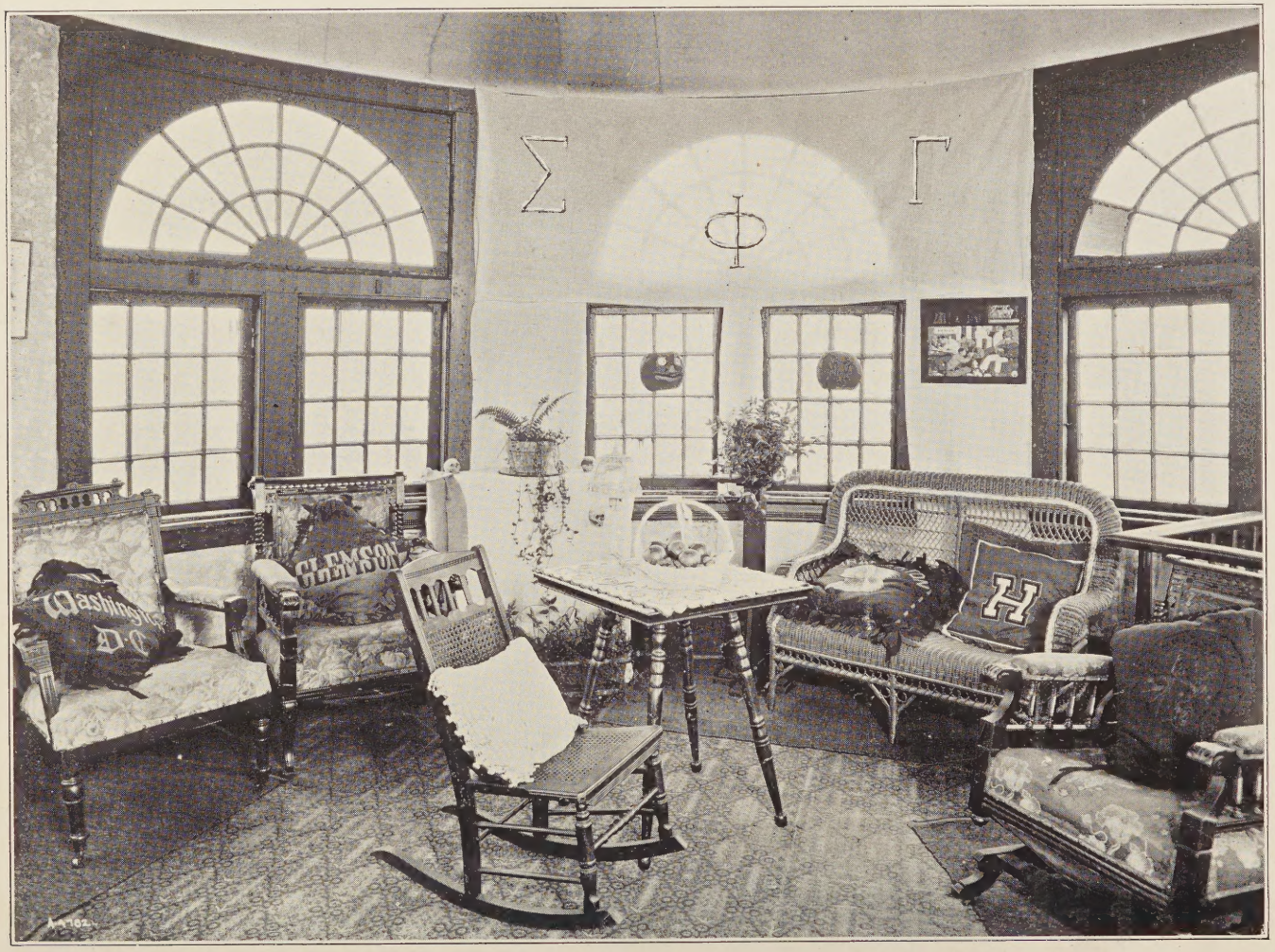
Thus began our Sigma Phi Gamma Sorority. Since that time many new members have been admitted, but only a few of our original thirteen are so situated as to be able to attend the meetings. However, our regular annual reception banquets, etc., go on uninterrupted.

Ours was a great and glorious beginning, and if all the plans, hopes and prayers of the girls had "come true," there would be now, nestling down among the campus pines, a little log chapter-house. May our wishes some day be granted!

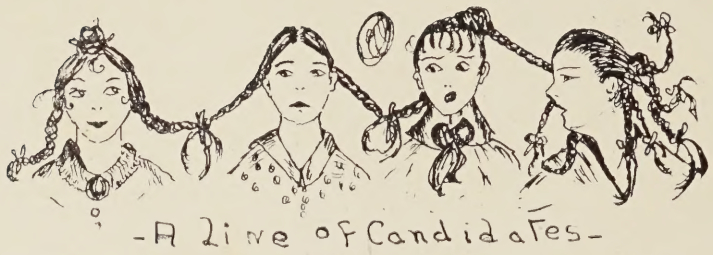
So far as we can see now, 'though the field of work is vast, the way seems clear. Our 1920 president has the interest of the sorority at heart, and the Sigma Phi Gamma is, at the present date, full of good will, good fellow-ship and good cheer.

May the vision, so vividly pictured in our minds—the glorious vision of a new chapter-house—be realized during the college career of our younger sisters. May the time be near at hand when future candidates shall take their pledges and be entertained in a home that's all our own. It is up to the active members to start the ball to rolling, so that it will not be long before the artificial dreams of the Sigma Phi Gamma of 1916 will be changed into realities—living dreams!

N. BELOTE.



SORORITY ROOM



Sorority Initiations

BEAUTY unadorned, adorned the most. So saith the poet; but forsooth friend poet, I am afraid, had never seen growing young ladies with their tresses securely sleeked back from noble brows and braided in two long, tight, awkward "pigtails" as certain young ladies appeared in the refectory and in the classrooms, even gracing the campus walks one day last fall to the unsuppressed amusement of their schoolmates. It was remarkably noticeable in this day of the muffled ear to see that feature exposed so improperly—a shameful procedure—and stranger still, these girls of the sleek hair, who, until this time, appeared to be normal creatures of fair intelligence not only vouched their approval of this new coif by daily dressing their hair in said manner, but began doing the queerest things imaginable. Their school friends looked askance, the Sisters glanced at one another with unmistakable signs of helplessness. The Rev. Mother was greatly disturbed but to the High school sweetly excused them by saying " 'twas only a student's prank." But discomforture on her part was distinctly noticeable when the news reached her that Miss Whitledge of College fame had that morning waltzed into her class room with one dainty ankle thrust into a black stocking and the other properly clad in hose of vivid pink while her feet were shod with brown and white shoes respectively, and she wore the proverbial pigtails affected by her College chums. Miss Whitledge had come from Biltmore on the street car attired thus. A small child who sat near her on the car was heard to remark, while gazing intently at the grotesque get up of the fair Miss Whitledge, that she must be a "circus lady."

Joe Budds O'Donnell, well known at St. Genevieve's as a prima donna of the highest type

rather surprised us one day by suddenly bursting forth into song during one of the study periods and thereby made herself as popular as a girl with measles with those studious children who are forever pouring over their books and dislike being disturbed; but of course was heralded with loud applause by those giddy young damsels who are ready for any diversion.

Elizabeth and Dorothy Devaney were quite the center of attraction one night at dinner when they ventured down attired in the tackiest manner possible. Every known color was worn and the combination of pinks and reds used with greens and purples made their gowns appear to advantage. Had they been at a ball we feel sure their success would have been—well—decidedly unassured.

Elizabeth proved her sedateness and dignity with much success to Mother Lorin and the faculty one morning after a lecture by racing around in a circle and yelling at the top of her voice, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" At this outburst the faculty looked suspicious, some intimated overwork, others asked if she had shown signs before, but all were unanimous in their opinion that a sanatorium for mental diseases was the best thing for Miss Whitledge.

Mary Meehan made quite a hit with Madam Jannin by appearing at class in a dress above her knees (even Erté Jenny and Paquin admit that such a length is a little short this season for a girl of twenty), her hair flowing and her interest centered in a big balloon which she carefully carried and a small red wagon which she pulled by a string.

Annie Kate Wells of sylphlike form did a charming dance one day before a large audience. Some said it was Grecian, while others hotly contested that it was a Highland Fling. But Miss Wells' interpretations of Pavlova were cleverly disguised.

Ethel Mercer supplied much amusement and was the cause of a great deal of laughter when found in the study hall with a man's picture clasped to her breast uttering sweet nothings and calling it by the most beautiful terms of endearment and cooing over it. She paid no attention to the pupils who had assembled about her but continued the violent love scene until it was thought 'twould be well to provide her with a padded cell in a well known institution.

The poor Academy girls were becoming frightened, some had aspirations for a college course, but such aspirations were fast becoming extinct. "I'd love to go to college," one was heard to remark, "but if the work affects one like that, why, of course, I shan't attempt it"; and when they heard that Peggy Dickerman, immediately after roll call one morning, rang the school bell with

all her might and sang out her marks to the tune of "Over There," they all gave it up—that was the last straw.

Of course some knew that it was only Initiation time and candidates were made to perform these stunts before being accepted into the Sigma Phi Gamma, but to most of the new pupils who knew nothing of the Sorority the sanity of the College girls was not insisted upon.

Frances Artz,
Lycée, '17.

Debating Society

THE St. Genevieve's Debating Society is a permanent organization. It will continue to exist for the same reason which caused it to be formed—that of promoting higher education, a gifted power of delivery, and a systematic form of reasoning. In every college, a club, association, or society for the purpose of debate and discussion is a benefit, and even a necessity. The America of the future must be supported by the young women who are now being trained in oratory. Few can become skilled debaters without practice. Few *fail* to become skilled debaters *with* practice.

Our society has made a record for itself this past year and some remarkable talent has been discovered. Those who have not a decided skill along this line have been greatly benefited, not only by their wide reading and the useful knowledge obtained through hearing others speak, but also by the habitual practice of strictly logical and orderly reasoning.

Debates have been held with regularity. They have also been enjoyed by appreciative audiences who realized that the good accomplished would be far-reaching. Subjects of current interest predominated. The first debate of the year, that of the Juniors, was one which aroused much enthusiasm, not only among the debaters themselves, but among various members of the audience, as it dealt with a subject very near and dear to all—that of compulsory indoor gymnastic training for Freshman and Sophomore students.

Our Big Senior debate was one of the great events of the year. Its topic was one which required a large amount of reading, as well as interviews with prominent men. Several well-

known judges—and even the Mayor himself—were consulted in advance, and local events of recent date lent particular zest to the arguments presented by both parties. The proposition: "Commission Government should be adopted in cities," was hotly contested by the Negative, which supported the Aldermanic form of government. Praise is due to the members of both teams, who presented strong arguments, and displayed admirable ability in their use of persuasion, and power of conviction. The decision was finally rendered in favor of the Affirmative, which offered the greater amount of statistics. The members of the Negative, however, deserve congratulations for their splendid arguments, in spite of the fact that invaluable statistics ordered from New York did not arrive until the day after the debate. Misses Agnes Gibson and Mollie Bowman were the leaders of the Affirmative and Negative sides, respectively.

The Sophomore and Freshman debates have also been successful and entertaining. They discussed subjects which were especially appreciated, as they pertained chiefly to local affairs, college life, etc.

Probably, some of our girls will leave their Alma Mater to enter public offices, or to hold positions which will require a great amount of clear thinking and public speaking. Then will be the time when they will look back on the hours spent in the Debating Society as some of the most beneficial and enjoyable of their College career.

ELIZABETH WHITLEDGE, College, '22.

LEADERS OF THE CLASS DEBATES, 1919-20

Library Day

AMONG the many innovations which the New Year ushered in, perhaps the most notable was the establishment of "College Library Day."

Accordingly, before we returned from our much appreciated Christmas holidays, each received a dignified notice of the coming event and reappeared sufficiently armed for the great occasion.

Every newly laid plan needs encouragement, so we decided, in order to secure some of the much desired and needed impetus, to convert our reading room into a modern cabaret. The idea was received with enthusiasm. Thus on the morning of January nineteenth, 1920, the destructions and reconstructions began. The decorating committee, headed by Miss Mary Lyons, our promising young artist, soon completed the amazing transformation. iTables appeared as if by magic, carried thither by willing arms, while their owners looked anxiously on, sorrowfully wondering what was to be the fate of their property. Their anxiety was only in the bud, however, for soon they were to see their pennants, table lamps, even chairs, disappear in the same direction. The sad thought that probably entered the minds of some of the owners was on the order of: "I'll have to carry all these back myself." But these reflections were soon cast aside and many wandered towards the reading room door—they were allowed to go no further,—the decorators knowing the worth and scope of the maxim, "Too many cooks spoil the broth." Dainty booths

appeared before their admiring eyes, attractively decorated in red and white and filled with the choicest home-made fudge. These gave great promise of becoming centers of activity. The artists, having completed their task—and justly proud of it they were too,— proceeded to wend their way towards the kitchen in hopes of being able to assist in either increasing or decreasing the supply of sandwiches on hand. They were soon doomed to disappointment for their designs were anticipated, and the group of willing sandwich-makers informed them that they were not needed.

At last all was ready and promptly at three-thirty the guests began to arrive in such numbers that the busy hostesses were almost unable to supply the demands.

Booths, popular beyond the wildest expectations, were soon emptied of their treasures by the hungry purchasers who were taking every advantage of their opportunity.

Sandwiches and tea proved almost as popular as the contents of booths, if one may judge from the happy laughing couples seated at the tables, who even surprised themselves at the largeness of their orders. However, other amusements were provided besides these pleasures. The little folks were entertained with various games and the lovers of Terpischorean art were to dance between tables, thus causing the hours to pass swfitly and delightfully for every one, as well as materially increasing our library funds.

Elizabeth True, College, '21.

DRAMATICS

THE autumn of nineteen hundred and nineteen breathed upon the College a fresh collegiate atmosphere which, we must admit, invigorated us in spite of the fact that it blew away our connections with the Academic students. It was rather a "puff" than a breath that divided so completely the activities of the two departments. Previously, there existed at St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines only one dramatic organization, eligible membership being confined to the College and Fourth Academy. It was indeed a sacrifice to give up our talented young actresses, but necessity does not stop to consider desire. Nevertheless, she is also "the mother of invention." Such being the case, we hope that our two respective dramatic clubs will be as successful separated as they have been hitherto united. So far our results seem to have called for no serious doubt.

The 1919 Commencement dramatics ended our co-operative Academic-Collegiate efforts.

On Friday evening, May the thirtieth, we presented R. Planquette's "Les Cloches de Corneville" (or "The Chimes of Normandy"), a well-known three act comic opera. It seemed to call forth more applause than any performance that has been given at St. Genevieve's for years. There were a combination of causes which produced such an effect. Our subject matter itself was more than capable of doing justice to its actors. Thus, we owe thanks to Planquette. But our personal gratitude is most deservedly extended to our untiring directress, who devotes time and energy to her "stars," while they, in turn, yield to her good judgment and profit by her teaching, exercising their own good-will as well.

Particular mention is due to the five leading characters in "The Chimes of Normandy." Miss Elizabeth True played, with sweet, unaffected simplicity, the part of Germaine the heroine, in reality a lost marchioness, though apparently a village maiden. One observes quite a contrast between this lady-like, sincere, true-hearted girl and Serpolette, the sly, deceitful, artificial, yet attractive craver of social position and popularity. Miss Margaret Vaughn developed the latter role with a decidedly artistic charm. Her æsthetic grace, effective costume, and especially, her easy adaptation to her part impressed the audience very favorably.

Miss Alice Kohn, as Jean Grenicheux, the fisherman, kept the assembly hilarious. Her "boy-like" transformation, her simple rustic air, her awkward manners and clumsy appearance, but above all her superstitutious fear so perfectly illustrated by her good acting, afforded the audience a comic treat.

The rôle of Henri, the Marquis of Corneville, was interpreted by Miss Elizabeth Whitledge. She was dignified, handsome and distinguished, and played her part with extraordinary ease. Her splendid voice, together with the sweet harmonious chords of the other principal characters and the voluminous choruses, gave a charming mellow tone to the whole opera.

Miss Anita Gibson, as Gaspard the Miser, seemed no mere amateur. Not without cause one might have believed her to be reared from childhood behind the scenes. She appeared as well trained as many who have lived thus. Of course, it does seem rather natural for a man to "toot his own horn" sometimes—I am afraid we are sadly natural in this respect. Nevertheless, I think my criticism of Miss Gibson's genius, although a bit sweeping, is on the whole fair, and many disinterested spectators have shared in my opinion.

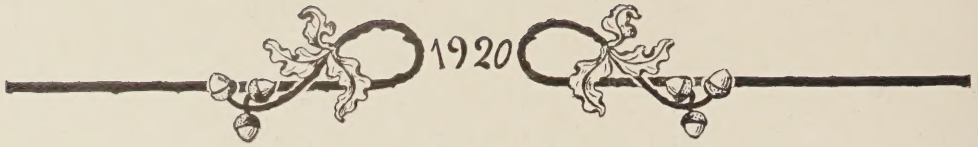
"THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY"

Dramatis Personæ

Serpolette (the Good-for-Nothing)	Miss M. Vaughn
Germaine (the Lost Marchioness)	Miss E. True
Mariane	Miss M. Hornsby
Jeanne	Miss M. Bowman
Manette	Miss D. Devaney
Gertrude	Miss M. .Hamilton
Village Maidens	
Henri (Marquis of Corneville)	Miss E. Whitledge
Jean Grenicheux (a Fisherman)	Miss A. Kohn
Gaspard (a Miser)	Miss A. Gibson
The Bailli	Miss E. Mercer
Registrar (Greffier)	Miss M. K. Hester
Assessor	Miss L. Casco
Notary	Miss K. Hamilton

Village Maidens, Villagers, Sailors, Attendants of the Marquis.

"THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY"



Racine's "Esther" was given on Tuesday afternoon, June the third, nineteen hundred and nineteen. The renowned drama was presented in the original language by students so versed in French that they were well fitted for the task of successfully producing one of the greatest masterpieces in French literature. Their costumes were most pleasing to the eye, but their abandonment of "self" and the heartfelt manner in which they "lived" their rôles were more than pleasing to the soul of an onlooker. I wish to congratulate those participating in the presentation of that famous drama.

"ESTHER"

Dramatis Personæ

Assuerus, or Xerxes, King of Persia---------- Miss A. K. Wells
Esther, Queen of Persia----------Miss M. Dickerman
Mardoche, Uncle of Esther----------Miss M. Meehan
Aman, Favorite of Assuerus----------Miss A. Kohn
Zares, Wife of Aman----------Miss M. Hornsby
Hydaspe, Officer of Assuerus----------Miss E. Batterham
Asaph, Officer of Assuerus----------Miss Edith Batterham
Elise, Confidante of Esther----------Miss E. Mercer

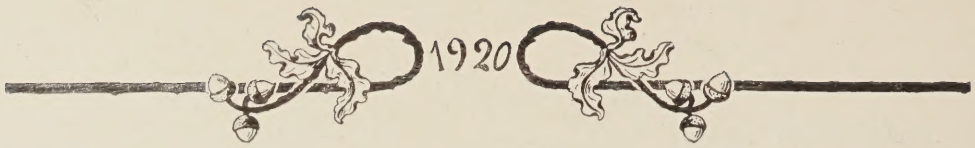
Guards of the King, Chorus of Young Jewish Maidens

The scene is laid in Suse in the Palace of Assuerus

There has been so much reorganizing and reconstructing to divide our attention this session that it has been impossible for us to realize in full the proposed program of our newly established Dramatic Club. But we must become reconciled to the fact that change and chance and time must work their way. Therefore, let us not reflect on what we *might* have done; just let us be content with what we *have* done.

In November, 1920, the club gave to the public a most attractive Japanese Operetta, "The Princess Chrysanthemum." The leading part was taken by Miss Mary Grier. She was, in a word, a lovely representation of her name and title—Princess Chrysanthemum. For the opening act the stage was beautifully decorated; the scenes and costumes made us feel as if we were in a pretty oriental garden. Even more vivid was the setting for the "Cave of Inky Night." The music was full of "spice." The catchy airs that rang through the auditorium enlivened the audience almost to the point of a "vivacious jazz."

"ESTHER"



PRINCESS CHRYSANTHEMUM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Princess Chrsyanthemum, the Emperor's Daughter		Miss M. Grier
Du-du	Maidens attendant upon the Princess	Miss M. Bowman
To-to		Miss D. Devaney
Tu-lip		Miss M. S. Pegram
Yum-yum		Miss N. Espitalier
The Emperor What-for Whi		Miss A. K. Wells
Fairy Moonbeam		Miss M. Hemphill
Prince So-Tru		Miss N. Kelly
Prince So-Sli		Miss E. Whitledge
Top-not, the Court Chamberlain		Miss E. True
Saucer-Eyes, the Wizard Cat		Miss E. Mercer

Sprites of the Night, Courtiers, Populace, Attendants, Fairies

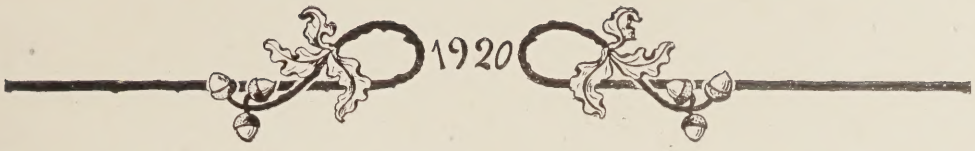
Our Reverend Superior's Feast Day falls on April the twenty-sixth, which occasion we shall delight in celebrating by a program of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" by Molière.

The club has already begun practicing for our final dramatic selection for this school session. We are deeply interested in our choice, Corneille's "Polyeucte," but, with some of us at least, acting in French is not often an "easy job." However, one gains little by anticipating a failure. Therefore, that is not our policy. Let us aspire to fame and, perhaps, we may obtain recognition.

M. E. BOWMAN,
College, '20.

"PRINCESS CHRYSANTHEMUM"

MEMORABLE DATES



Memorable Dates

Not the Pantry Species Merely, but a Combination of the Social and Historical

(Distorted as accurately as possible by M. Hemphill)

BESIDES 1066, 1776 and 1783, there are a few other dates which cling to our memories—not as associated with the class room, but as marking the eras of great expeditions made by the College inth the World of Society.

I

On Saturday, Septetmber twenty-seventh , the Misses Gibson, Bowman, Saunders, Kelly, Lyons, Espitalier, True, Devaney and Hemphill, feeling universally enterprising, decided to visit the Rossmuir Tea Room, in Chunn's Cove. They might have regretted their decision, after the first three miles were covered and the fourth was looming up a hill, but when they arrived at the cool, pleasant little house, all their regrets were turned to joy and their thoughts to the Menu.

It had been a long walk. The whole party presided over tea—and when it was all gone, they kept on presiding! Happily, the lady in charge took this as an "encore" and acted accordingly. Gradually while the travelers rested, night had been coming on and when they finally started homeward, grey shadows were already creeping down the hillside. It was a great time for ghost stories—and the more timid were growing "homesick," when, as ussual, Mary Stuart came to the rescue in the Hudson!

TAKEN OFF OUR FEET ! ! !

It was some time before the mystery of the Strange Man was cleared up—not that the adjective was so surprising, for if a member of the masculine sex does enter the precincts of St. Genevieve's, he usually leaves as "strange" as he came. The word "man" is the root of all the discussion. You see, if the subject of this story had been a woman, no questions would

have been asked—or if it had been a bag of fig newtons, a Hershey bar or a pet animal (or any other familiar object) we should have considered the topic the most natural one in the world. But, upon hearing that the title concerned a subject so unusual, we naturally inquired into the details and, lo and behold, the plot began to thicken, instead of clearing up!

It was this way: On a wonderful afternoon in October, just when approaching winter and lingering summer were struggling for supremacy, a number of gay young students went motoring with Mary Stuart. Everything was fortunate until the Hudson had covered about twelve miles—then a puncture occurred, and the car drew up beside the road. It was a pitiful group of individuals that started out for town on foot, but evidently they were attractive looking too, if one may judge by what happened.

A dashing young man—with "piercing eyes" and a drooping mustache—arrived on the scene and offered his services. We don't think that the invitation was accepted without some modest hesitation, of course, but our pedestrians lost their right to that title from then on. And when the party arrived at the college, their senior member went up to Mary. "Your friend was so kind to bring us," quoth she. "Nay, not so," expostulated Mary, "thank Molly." "Not I," responded Molly, " 'twas Dorothy." "Why, I never saw the man before," murmured she. "But he was awfully good-looking!"

THE OPENING DEBATE

Though having exhibited no disposition to argue on the subject, we were informed on October 1st that we were to discuss "Whether or not indoor gymnastics should be compulsory in Freshman and Sophomore years." Thinking that a mistake had been made somewhere and wishing to correct any misunderstanding, I began apologizing frantically on all sides. But I was soon informed that the affair was caused by no personal ill feelings—only an intellectual cultivator!

For weeks, we consulted authorities, read reference books, dictionaries and encyclopediae—hardly taking time for meals. All of the important facts found were jotted down and arranged in rhetorical order. At every corner groups whispered—even if the conversation con-

cerned only the weather or any other neutral subject, it was not voiced aloud. Whispering was the only fit means of communication during that time of strong feeling. And we six debaters appeared, more than our time really allowed us, to hurry frantically with preoccupied mien along the corridors, while the rest of the college regarded us with admiration and whispered more. Occasionally we ran across each other, and glances of scorn and reprimand were exchanged.

At last the great day arrived and we, with our manuscripts, found ourselves be-gowned and be-capped seated (with chattering teeth) around the long table. The first two speakers on each side were old hands at the practice—but the last were Freshmen. Miss True delivered a fine speech on top of that of Miss Whitledge. The audience seemed to be already swaying—but this might have been a fallacy in the observation of the Freshman who noted it.

Then Miss Mercer hopped up and spoke with all the emphasis acquired in her study of French. Immediately Miss Saunders, who wore a blue taffeta filet gown of unique grace, appeared in the speaker's chair. As she stood there, she presented an imposing figure—draped from head to foot in the college gown and supporting the emblematic black cap over one corner of her head.

When her brilliant speech was concluded, there was a pause; and all looked 'round to see who was to perform next. At first, no motion was detected near the table—then the audience gradually became aware that one of the Freshmen was arising.

Slowly, majestically, with bent head, she strode to the centre of the table. A great hush had fallen throughout the room. The speaker lifted her head with deliberation and her eyes, half-closed, wandered down the apartment. Then we heard a voice—away off somewhere,—"A certain doctor says——." It was a voice like whispering wind on a still day; and as the audience listened, it felt lulled to ineffable peace and contentment. *She* covered one page in the time that Miss Whitledge had discussed three.

I will not mention the second Freshman and last speaker—MYSELF—for I feel that I could not treat with impartiality the soliloquy delivered.

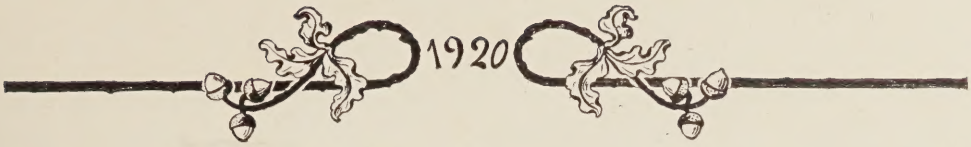
THE GLEE CLUB HAS ITS PICTURE TAKEN

Just as the Glee Club was rounding the last corner on Victoria Road, the street car hove in sight. A mad rush was made for the trolley. The motorman, being of a sportive nature, was consumed with curiosity to see the outcome of the race, and forgot to stop the car. Annie Kate, brandishing a violin bow in one hand and her fiddle in the other, dashed ahead at top speed, while Bessie followed at a close distance. Then came Ninette, dragging a long banjo by the head and raising as much vocal disturbance as possible. After her, the whole band followed. The motorman suddenly recollected his duty, and slammed on the brakes with such abruptness that a shrill screaking noise was caused, and the car broke into a jerking, galloping motion. A general confusion ensued within, but after the trolley had finally come to an abrupt halt, the passengers crawled back to their respective seats—some to continue chewing their gum, placidly, while others gazed with evident admiration through the dusty windows.

Finally, the panting musicians clamored up the side of their goal and filed down the aisle. They paid six cents for standing room—and got off at the square. Here the traffic was so congested that the party had to wait fifteen minutes to cross the street (they spent this time in Barbee's drug store). When the young damsels finally stood on the curb, the policeman beckoned them to cross. Ninette, who does not exactly understand American etiquette, took this for an insult, and raising her chin haughtily started across the street in a different direction. "Hey!" called the officer, "this way, young woman!" Ninette quickened her pace, but still maintained the same course. "Keep to the white lines!" cried the policeman, furiously—and darted after Ninette. But she was too quick for him, and had darted into the crowd before he could reach her.

"Must be a minstrel show in town, Rube," drawled one of those rural sight-seers that seem to be trying to transplant themselves to a foundation of the Patton Avenue buildings. "I 'low not, Avery," responded his companion,—"must be a branch of the Salvation Army."

By this time, the Glee Club had reached Higgason's Studio, and it decided to have its instruments mailed home instead of carrying them, after the picture had been taken.



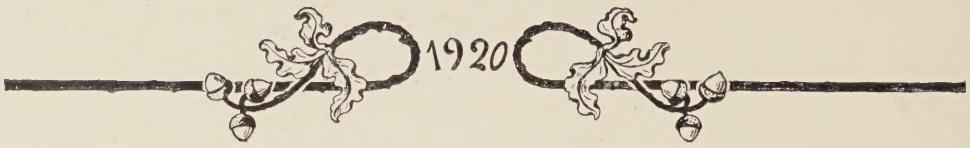
THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST

On a windy night in November, when the trees were bending their heads 'neath the gale, and a mass of threatening clouds tumbled in the sky, the College boarders gathered at "Washington Lodge" to celebrate the Fourth of July, or some such occasion. A bright fire crackled in every fireplace, and some of the rooms were cleared for dancing.

The guests first seated themselves on the floor in one apartment, which was lighted only by a weird blue flame that hissed and sputtered in a great round vessel. Weird shadows flickered on the walls, and they took the shapes of sundry objects as we indulged in the telling of ghost stories. The wind whistled at the windows—and in the distance we heard the groaning trees.

Suddenly, the door began to open—slowly, noiselessly. Every eye was turned with speechless horror towards the aperture. Then, when it stood ajar some three yards, a figure thrust itself through and entered the room. It was arrayed in the dress of the Elizabethan Age—and a mask concealed the features. A shudder ran through all, and I noticed "Sissy" trying to climb through a knot hole. The new visitor seemed to be preparing to speak, but during the interval taken up by this preparation, a thousand thoughts flitted through my brain, as I heard the chattering of teeth around me. The blue flame had risen for the occasion, and danced and flickered for joy at our discomfiture. Each face in the group stood out plainly, and each seemed contorted with agonies of death. I was just beginning to look for a knot hole myself, when a ghostly voice began to drawl:

"Why, I thought this was a fancy dress party—." And, lo and behold! we recognized in this sorrowful declaration the tones of our dear classmate, Lucy, who was but a bit old-fashioned in her dress.



OUR VOCAL ATTRACTIONS

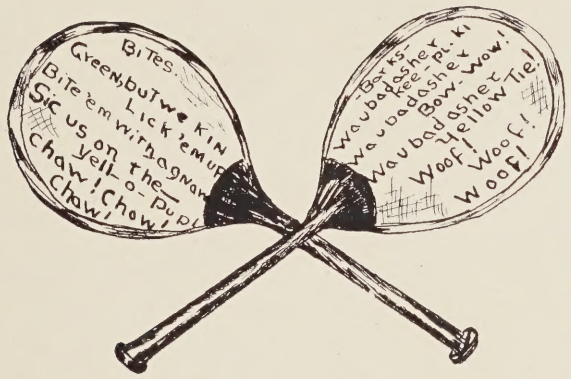
It was January. A tumult of whispered inquiries filled the music-hall, long ere the instructor entered. "I wonder if he's good-looking?" was the universal cry, and when the clock struck twelve-fifteen, a general rush was made for the front seats. The suspense was terrible! I wonder if ever before had one lone man had so many thoughts turned in his direction at once! At any rate, it's a good thing these thoughts weren't cannon balls. Presently, a step resounded on the stairway. A masculine foot undoubtedly approached. A hush fell throughout the hall. A moment of intense excitement followed. Then, then the door swung back on its hinges with such rapidity that all the rag-time flew out from behind the piano—and the musician stood before us!

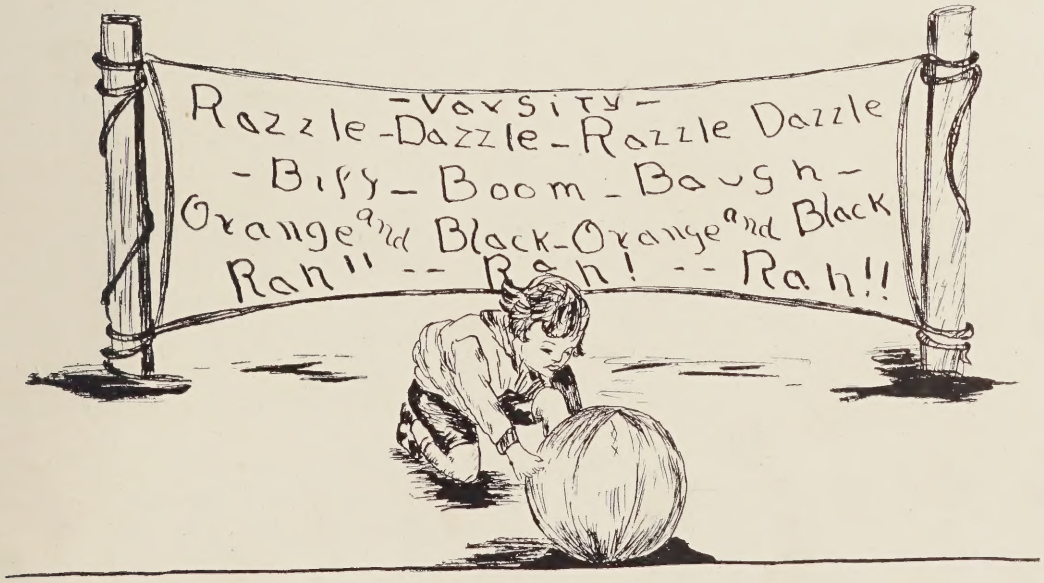
He wasn't just the type we'd expected, but he seemed to find us perfectly natural and usual (though, I don't imagine he'd lost any sleep trying to prophesy). Without apparently noticing the potted flower which we had arranged on the table, he immediately approached the piano stool and seated himself thereon. For the next hour, the hall trembled from our vocal exertions—each one of us wished to make a great impression, so every nerve was strained to its utmost. Things seemed to be succeeding beautifully. Each girl, amazed by the wonderful sounds which were sallying unexpectedly from her vocal chords, wore an expression as if inspired. The master's face, I'll admit, didn't correspond to ours, but, you know, we all have a different way of showing our emotions. At the strike of one, a mighty chord shot from the keys, and our instructor took his leave.

This is now May, and he's never returned. Some say that he's building an organ; others that he's gone away. But I don't think that anything of the sort could have detained him from revisiting the college.

M. Hemphill, '23.

ATHLETICS


Bites
Green but we kin
Lick 'em with a gnaw
Bite 'em with a gnaw
Sic us on the—
Yell-o-Pup!
Chaw! Chaw!
Chaw!
Bow-wow!
Waubadasher
Yellow Tie!
Woof!
Woof!
Woof!


—Varsity—
Razzle-Dazzle-Razzle Dazzle
-Biff-Boom-Bough-
Orange and Black-Orange and Black
Rah!! -- Rah! -- Rah!!

The Barks and the Bites

EARLY last September, the College formed two athletic teams, the Barks and Bites, respectively. Miss Mollie Bowman was elected Captain of the Barks, and Miss Agnes Gibson of the Bites.

Both teams were made up of enthusiastic athletes, and each started out with the determination to win its Letters the next Spring. Basket Ball was the first issue. The Bites appeared upon the battlefield, formerly called the basket ball court, arrayed in shining armor, viz., gym suits, bright green ties and bandanas. The Barks, not to be outdone, came up from the opposite direction gaily attired in a similar manner—yellow, however, being substituted for the green. Oh, those shades of green and yellow! How they clashed! It was as if fortune, foreseeing the opposition of these two forces throughout the coming year, had used her power and willed that these two significant colors should in no wise conform.

The two teams line up, with Mollie and Agnes as centers. The ball is thrown up and the game begins, progressing quietly at first; but suddenly Agnes, with her characteristic swiftness, has jumped between Mary and Bessie, and the ball is in the possession of the Greens. Not for long, however; Mollie, tall and capable, reaches out and secures the coveted ball as it dips in its none too certain flight.

"Here, Mollie! Here, Mollie!" calls Hempy, fairly jumping up and down in her excitement.

"Alright, Margaret!" sings out Nellie; but here Dorothy interrupts the course of the fickle piece of leather, and the ball flies quickly across the field, landing safely in the goal-keeper's arms. Gracefully it rises, then falls through the circle of iron. Such is the skill of Elizabeth!

Bravely all fight for the victory, and if the Bites do finally defeat the Barks, the latter have shown sportsmanship in the admirable way in which they accept the result.

So the friendly rivalry has continued throughout the year, and if, occasionally, the Greens bite too deeply into the scores of the Yellows, these gallant soldiers merely bark their disapproval and fight bravely on.

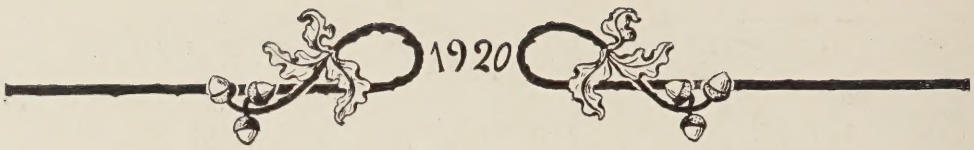
MARY STUART PEGRAM, College, '23.

The "Barks"

Captain: Mollie Bowman

Margaret Hemphill
Josephine O'Donnell
Mary Stuart Pegram
Bessie Saunders
Nellie Kelly
Peggy Dickerman
Ethel Mercer
Mary Matthews
Mary Lyons
Mary Schuford

*B*ow-wow-wow! Woof-woof-woof!
*A*ll is depending on what we do now;
*R*ustle up the centers, jostle up the guard,
*K*eep the ball a-going, don't miss it by a yard! !
*S*how your "pep"—keep your rep, for the winning card!



Basket Ball Scores

FALL TERM OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINETEEN

SUCCESSIVE GAMES

"BARKS"		"BITES"
2	September the twenty-fourth	9
3	October the first	17
8	October the tenth	5
2	October the eighteenth	8
4	October the twenty-second	10
2	October the twenty-ninth	6
5	November the fifth	9
3	November the twelfth	11
1	November the nineteenth	14
2	November the twenty-sixth	4
3	December the third	9
4	December the tenth	14
1	December the seventeenth	8
2	January the seventh	7
3	January the fourteenth	6
2	January the twenty-first	9
5	January the twenty-eighth	2
1	February the fourth	6
3	February the eleventh	11
2	February the eighteenth	12
6	February the twenty-fifth	21
4	March the third	6
6	March the tenth	2
4	March the seventeenth	11
3	March the twenty-fourth	9
5	March the thirty-first	15
3	April the seventh	11
2	April the fourteenth	8
2	April the twenty-first	5

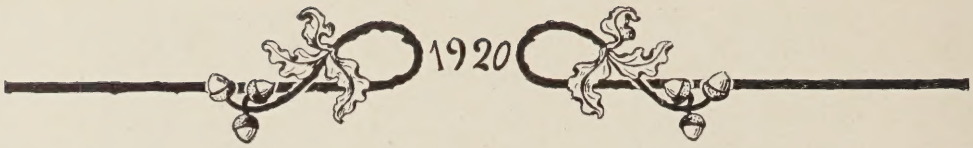
The "Bites" have successfully fought for and won the pennant offered this year by the senior class. Under the leadership of Miss Agnes Gibson, their Captain, the team was well organized and has played successfully the entire year. A great part of their wonderful victory is due to Miss Gibson, who has been untiring in her efforts. She is always on the court encouraging the girls to work and inspiring them to attain even greater honors in the future.

The "Bites"

Captain: Agnes Gibson

Elizabeth True
Anna Kate Wells
Elizabeth Whitledge
Lucy Millender
Mary Meehan
Dorothy Devany
Ninette Espitalier
Helen Marlowe
Margaret Worley

*B*ully little ball team you can bet!
*I*t's always a cinch when they get set;
*T*rouble's a-brewing for the doughty Barks,
*E*veryone's a-screaming clear across the parks:
*S*ic 'em, soak 'em! oh! chow! chow!



A Toast to the Varsity Team

Here's to our Varsity glorious,
The symbol of all things victorious;
A toast to the Orange, a toast to the Black,
A toast to the girls that are at your back;
A cheer for the games won through,
A cheer for defeats so few;
Your standard you've made high;
So a toast before the last "good-bye."

THE VARSITY

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Ethel Mercer Peggy Dickerman	Ethel Mercer			
N. Espitalier Nell Kelly	Nell Kelly	Ethel Mercer		
Anna Kate Wells Elizabeth True	Anna Kate Wells		Margaret Hemphill	
Mary Meehan Margaret Hemphill	Margaret Hemphill	Margaret Hemphill		Margaret Hemphill
Rebecca Saunders Mary Lyons	Rebecca Saunders			
Mary Matthews Mollie Bowman	Mollie Bowman	Mollie Bowman		
Helen Marlowe Margaret Worley	Helen Marlowe		Mollie Bowman	
Mary Stuart Pegrim Agnes Gibson	Mary S. Pegrim	Mary S. Pegrim		

THE TENNIS CLUB

Drill

EACH day when the hour for drill is called, the girls enthusiastically fall into line and march out upon the campus, in thoroughly disciplined and beautifully ordered ranks, to the tap, tap, tap of the clappers. Here we engage in strenuous bodily exertion; forming two teams, vieing with each other in accomplishing the most difficult feats. It is at this time that we discover our best runners, our steadiest and most enthusiastic athletes. Not a little skill is required to set erect in one circle the dumb bells we have taken from another. The race which follows is always perilous, for often no sooner are we well under way, and able to see our goal, than a horrified cry from the whole line tells us that one of the clubs has fallen, and our steps must be retraced. Besides marching and racing, we play many such games as "Cross-Over" and "Roll Ball." The girls who could throw nothing at the beginning of the year except very uncertainly curved balls, have become so proficient in operating both bean-bags and basket balls, that next year we are thinking seriously of allowing all the college to enlist as members of the Varsity. Volley ball is possibly the most favored of all the games, since not much running is required, and those who do not care for the more strenuous exercises, enjoy this one immensely.

Walking

Probably the most generally enjoyed of our various physical exercises are the weekly hikes. Every Saturday afternoon sees a crowd of us gaily trooping along o'er hill and valley, developing our lungs by two methods. First by breathing the fresh mountain air, it is needless to mention the second. We often tramp to Weaverville, Hendersonville, and to many other such interesting places,—fatigued on our return, but always ready to seek a new trail the following week, unless we sometimes decide for "Auld Lang Syne" to retrace our favored path, terminating by a unique little tea house hidden among the pines.

The Involution of an Academic Senior into a College Freshman

St. Genevieve-of-the-Pines,
Asheville, N. C.

Dearest Nita:

You don't know what you've missed by not having come back here this year! It's wonderful to be "in the College"—and it's still more wonderful to stay in! I'll take back all those disrespectful remarks we made last year about this department (though, of course, great improvements were made in September), it was really lots better than we ever imagined—and now that I've grown broader minded, while drinking deeply from the "Elysian Springs" (that's a term, meaning learnin', which Mr. Pope used once before me, adding *don't drink at all unless you're mighty thirsty!*) I'm more liberal in my judgments, and I can now forgive the College for not

recognizing the superior wisdom of the "Seniors." (To tell the truth, I guess they recognized it, but some people are just *born* un-demonstrative!)

We're situated high up and command an unobstructed view of the works of man and nature for miles around. For those who wish to make a familiar study of astronomy, this elevation is

priceless; and a few of us find the ascending and descending excellent for reducing (in weight, *not* learning, for one always *gains* tremendously in the latter respect, when one ascends to the college!) Below us, in a sort of Purgatory, the hopefuls of the Academic Department,—who plan daily some means of visiting the "Celestial Heights" above—and away down farther in the "Lower Regions," children of the Grammar Department sigh at the distance they have to climb.

Since the quarantine was lowered we've been so crowded that traffic regulations are enforced —and a "Madame" has to stand at the corners to prevent collisions. One actually has to go outside to change one's mind—and being of an indolent nature, I have suddenly become very strong-minded.

Some of our old friends are still here. Do you remember Peggy and Ethel? Well, I've had an opportunity to become very well acquainted with them this year. You see, they're always hang-

ing out of the window, head-first, *eating oranges,* or salted almonds, or caramels—and their window being just opposite mine, our acquaintance is thus improved whenever I scan the elements.

I guess I can give you no news about "Sissy"—she doesn't study a bit more than she used to; and yet she has learned to get in more than twelve hours a day.

Mollie is still the same old girl. For instance, when the bell was ringing for dinner yester-

day, and I was making my way towards the dining-room, at top speed, I ran into Mollie, who was walking down the corridor with her eyes glued on a book (figuratively speaking).

"Why go in that direction?" I inquired, with incredulity.

"To Political Economy," responded Molly, in the most unconcerned tone of voice.

"Why, no!" said Molly, pushing back her glasses, "what period is this?"

"Buddie" is a different woman—you'd think, now, she had a heart of steel, and no affection for Anderson, for she hardly ever cries. Do you remember, last year, how she put Niobe to shame (Niobe was a famous *figure* in history; alias: "all Tears,"—that is, if you can call a liquid a figure).

Elizabeth is majoring in History. I don't mean that in the military sense—it's a term used in college to express in what subject one can lead a conversation (either by fitness or skillful camouflage). The other day Madame asked her who the Prince of Orange was, and, with great tact, she answered: "Oh, he was one of those men over yonder in France!" See, besides being an historian, she's a diplomat, for in answering the above question, note that she committed herself by no word save *one;* and she felt certain of this one, she knew that orange was a French fruit. So, with the help of my explanation, you realize, from one well expressed sentence, that Elizabeth is an historian, a diplomat, and a fruit-ologist *all!*

Dorothy Devaney hasn't stopped talking but once this year, and that lull didn't last long. It was just after she had gone up and congratulated the Shakespearean reader on the "dramatic manner in which he rendered Hamlet's *ditty!* The way he took her congratulations sort of discouraged Dorothy's conversational exploits.

But there's a change in Lucy Millender: she has been *on time,* several days this year, and once she was *early* (but we can hardly count that, for she was absent the whole of the following week; the doctor said that she had exerted herself extremely).

Ninette, our little French girl, is a slang adept, and her terms bring back memories of my childhood (or rather, if I were fifty years old, they would have that effect). Lately, she's been a little more modern, for I've heard her rehearsing "Casey Jones!" "Ich que bibble!" "Everybody's doin' it!" and several other expressions of the last century.

Do you remember little, pensive, quiet Mary Lyons? You never pictured her as making a hit in vaudeville, did you? No—neither did I, and she *hasn't,* yet,—but she proved her talents that way, the other night. We gave an entertainment for the Academy, and Mary insisted upon singing; "The Blues my naughty Sweetie gives to me"; and, besides making a wonderful musical

success, her gestures showed such athletic genius that she was elected to the first team the next day, without any preliminary trials. You ought to have seen her sway her audience—and all the Academy feet were "jazzing" up and down like aspen leaves. Mary was so fascinated and surprised by the performance, herself, that she didn't much want to quit the stage, and at every encore she'd begin the "Blues," etc., again with such enthusiasm that we thought we'd have to blindfold her and lead her off, so that some of the minor stars could twinkle. But she suddenly decided to stop and tripped away 'midst a roar of applause.

Since we can't "reminisce" about things not familiar to us both, I won't speak of all the other students—and I guess we'd better not touch on the deeper subjects of life, either.

Now, I'll answer some of the questions in your last letter:

Have fig-newtons gone up?"

Being of a philosophical nature, I enquire, are you speakin' of the ascension of the price, or the fig-newtons? I'll answer doubly, and kill two questions with one response: Fig-newtons are constantly going up from the store to the College Department, but their price has remained 20 cts.

Next, you enquire about Will. Oh, yes, he's still a prominent figure here, and it was only yesterday that he was taken for a Bingham Cadet, in his new "buss" uniform.

About the Faculty—do they *miss* the High-school Class of '19? Why, they've seemed *lost* ever since our lights were snatched from their midst to perform other duites in the world. Now, there has to be a Faculty Meeting every time some important question is to be settled—no longer are *we* there to be consulted. Honestly, it seems like fate tries to hinder the progress of civilization, sometimes! But, I guess we were removed for some imperative reason.

I guess I'll stop—I've found something else to do. You see, my sister sent a lead pencil to me, and the messenger declares that he must deliver it into *my hands!* So, until you hear better,

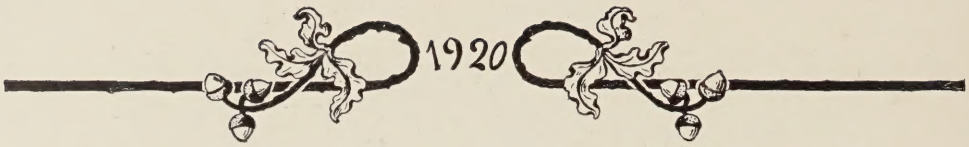
Your best friend,

"Hempy."

MARGARET HEMPHILL, College, '23.

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

SOCIALS



Socials

WELL, everyone was back from the summer's holiday, and in fine spirits! The gala night shaped itself in the form of the Old girls' dance for the new girls. More excitement was felt than usual, as last year's dance was swept off the calendar by Flu. Telephones were kept busy in the attempt to secure "peppy" music for the occasion. Finally the night actually came and every one in her "best bib and tucker," marched into the auditorium, ablaze with colors and lights. There in a corner was a negro band. True to their age-old reputation these "coons" played rag melodies with such musical rhythm that no one could keep her feet still. Unlike most dances, there were few wall-flowers, for the girls at the punch bowl served such attractive refreshments that all who withstood the siren calls of that jazzy music gave undivided attention here. So well did the old and new blend that the merry-makers all seemed a part of the St. Genevieve's spirit, and, as the orchestra sadly played "Home, Sweet Home," good nights were chorused and all trooped upstairs—the old girls, glad to be a part of a school where such innocent fun was enjoyed, and the new girls hoping to soon become in reality a member of Saint Genevieve's student body.

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Immediately after the routine of school work had begun old ties and memories of old pleasures were revived. Talks of our many recreations, which had often terminated in the Red Cross tea room, now known as the "Four Stars," had aroused the desire to meet around the little tea tables again; so at our very next opportunity we trooped to town. Our rendezvous was as attractive as ever and seemed dearer for the long absence! While chattering gaily, the white capped maids loaded the table with good things to eat, and we feasted royally.

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In October, when hard work was holding sway over our social pleasures, Margaret Hemphill, knowing the way to all school girls hearts, asked us out to Arden House to tea. In spite of the cloud on the following Saturday's face, the cars came for us, and we left in the highest spirits. Could that scene be painted in glowing words, I'd have the envy of all "outsiders" upon me.—The roomy old house, in which the guests were informally grouped, talking before a huge fire-

place; the interesting relics of olden times concerning which Margaret's grandmother had an inexhaustible fund of information. The delicious refreshments which were served by our hostesses were fully appreciated! Later some of the girls danced, while others clustered around her charming old grandfather, who told "hair-raising" ghost stories in a most thrilling manner.

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On the famous day of Hallowe'en, our social committee put their heads together and finally announced that all were invited to "Washington Lodge" for the evening.

What an attractive sight met our eyes! The rooms were decorated in oak leaves, "Hallowe'en" figures, etc. In the middle of one of them was an open fire, which seemed to invite us to enjoy its blaze. Bags of chestnuts and boxes of marshmallows were near by, waiting to fulfill their mission. All games from which we might derive fun were played, even the ludicrous contest of the doughnuts, in which Margaret Hemphill proved her prowess in chewing the "string." The greatest "blower" was not so easily caught, for though many were blind-folded, and came near the candle, no one succeeded in blowing it out. The victrola furnished "enchanted music" but soon the blood curdling stories of the mystic by the fire drew even these gay spirits from dancing and the group of listeners were so well entertained by Madame's delightful stories that they were loath to leave. In fact, they didn't until someone came to bid us good-night, thereby dropping a gentle hint that we should say good-night to each other.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

One of the greatest events of the year was the Sigma Phi Gamma banquet given to new members, in November. The girls were conveyed in cars to "Shadow-Lawn," where it was to be held. The scheme was carried out in detail, even to the tiny ghost-like lanterns hanging on the porch. After divesting ourselves of wraps, etc., we were ushered into an immense room, where a table was laid. It was beautifully decorated in the sorority colors of yellow and white, set off by huge cases of white chrysanthemums. The blaze of the hundreds of candles bursting from candelabra transformed the room into an enchanted place, illuminating the faces of the girls and making rainbows of the pretty evening gowns. An elaborate dinner was served. After the last course, the girls took part in contests. Prizes were provided for the winners. At the end, our

Patroness presented each "soror" with a lovely favor. The latter part of the evening was devoted to dancing. But even after the music ceased its rhythm, its refrain was echoed in the hearts of all, and continued to spread its warmth long after the memorable night.

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The ambition of the college was not satisfied with the addition to the Library which the girls made; so, on "Library Day" the prettily decorated Reading room became a true fair. The whole school grouped around the dainty tea tables, or clamored for candy at the well-stacked booths. The day was a crowning success, which was heightened by out-of-town visitors, who realized the worthiness of the cause and added to our fund. The delicious refreshments were so popular that not a thing was left, and all of us bewailed the fact that we had no more; for we could easily have sold everything.

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In spite of the fact that we were—oh terribly busy! and Xmas nearly here! Mary Lyons remembered that she should be a whole year older! To her surprise, she was conducted on the eighteenth into our large sitting room. The snowy white table covered with good things to eat was alight with eighteen pink candles, whose glow was reflected in Mary's amazed eyes. She realized rather suddenly that Edith's subterfuge employed to get her in here was, as all of our most enjoyable features, an impromptu party. In spite of our deference to Mary, which was due her in the position of guest, each one of us thoroughly enjoyed the "spread" and though perhaps it would have to be many years to come before we could enjoy her "wedding-cake" dreams, the participators went smilingly to rest that night—each, murmuring to herself, "Who'll be the next?"

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

Gladly did Sigma Phi Gamma accept Annie Kate's invitation to hold our next meeting at her house. According to the times we liked new experiences; and we had never had a meeting in town! The day was ushered in by a shower but that only sharpened the edge of our zest, and we departed gaily for West Asheville. Our president, following the old "hearth-side" maxim of "duty before pleasure," called the members together, and the business was attended to; but the meeting was soon adjourned and our social natures readily expanded under Annie Kate's beaming

cordiality. Her house was an excellent place to dance; what assembly was ever perfect without this manifestation of joy? But wait—instead of looking at the shining eyes of the guest, peep over the hostess' shoulder and you will see the reason for this external sign of our exhiliration; for she was inviting us into the dining-room where a table was beaming with appetizing things, from sandwiches down to punch. As it is often said, "enough of a thing is enough," not wishing us to become bored even with eating, our sorority sister led us into a parlor. It was decorated in our colors; but she informed us that we were not to concentrate our attention on the decorations, but on a large well in the middle of the table, from which we must draw our fate by pulling a yellow ribbon. To our delighted surprise, the ribbon was held at the end by a tiny cupid who bore the important number. Then according to numbers, we performed various tasks, each girl being obliged to do something difficult, as: to sing when the voice was missing, etc. Finally a grouchy old fellow forced us to disband and each group went its way really feeling a sisterly love for our benefactress.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

The "twenty-second" dawned on Sunday, which accounted for the groans on the part of everyone, as they bewailed the lack of a holiday. Why, George Washington himself must have felt our sorrow, for he sent his own miniature self and that of Martha Washington, to give the day a more personal color. We were eating dinner unsuspectingly, even though attractive little place cards were scattered around to remind us of our dear patriot, when we were startled by a shrill whistle. To our delight there appeared George and Martha Washington themselves; nor were they as our kind advisers to beam kindly upon us, but of our very own age! They danced the beautiful old minuet, courtesying and bowing the entire length of the room. After we had caught the real spirit of the day they left, not forgetting their loyalty as they saluted "Old Glory," placed in the center of the room! That same night we enjoyed a delightful entertainment. Selections were recited, whose patriotic spirit aroused our enthusiasm. The amusing and yet sweet history of the making of our flag was cleverly enacted, and the students, who were anxious to truly represent the colonial America of Washington's time, ably impersonated that important element of the household organization, the "darky." The rollicking nature of these droll souls caused such laughter that they were applauded again and again. Their old cabin songs were well sung and their famed jokes immediately recalled some far away joke related by old Aunt Lou, or Aunt

"Minervy." The darkies disappeared, leaving a wistful memory of the "hunts for the 'possum and the coon." When the entertainment was at an end, like true Americans, we joined hearts and souls in the sentiments of "America," which Nellie so sweetly sang.

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"Peggy" delighted the Sigma Phi Gamma by an invitation to meet at her house. Many anticipated the delightful time and responded gladly. Old members, whose faces were almost unfamiliar, were there. The most interesting entertainment was prepared. So captivating was the way in which our hostess conducted the contests, that we were not responsbile for the rapid flight of time. The daintiest refreshments tempted us, and a most sisterly group was clustered around the enchanting room. Truly such treats would make the ancient gods envious!

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On the twenty-seventh of April the College girls, as a mark of their love and gratitude, gave a banquet to the faculty. The place was like a fairy's bower. Flowers of every hue were artistically arranged around the room. Banks of apple blossoms breathed out fragrance, heightened by pretty baskets of dewy arbutus. The snowy white table bore a large basket of yellow flowers gracefully arranged. Canaries joyously trilled their "Spring Song" from the bowery nooks. There were little imitation canaries given as favors, completing the color-scheme of yellow. Much praise is due the President of the Entertainment committee, who ocarefully arranged each course of the banquet. As the evening drew to a close the hostesses grouped around the piano and rendered popular songs which were well applauded by the guests.

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Although we can never exactly forecast the future, and therefore are unable to supply the details of coming entertainments, we know that great plans are being formulated for entertaining the seniors. Rumor speaks of Grove Park, Chimney Rock, etc.

D. Devaney, College, '22.

Statistics

Best artist	Mary Lyons
Best authoress	Margaret Hemphill
Best linguist	Agnes Gibson
Best logician	Edith Crossland
Best philosopher	Agnes Gibson
Best poet	Mollie Bowman
Best musician	Nellie Kelly
Best wit	Nellie Kelly
Best diplomat	Margaret Hemphill
Best home-maker	Mary Stuart Pegram
Best hostess	Margaret Hemphill
Best woman-of-the-world	Nellie Kelly
Best athlete	Elizabeth True
Best sport	Mollie Bowman
Best dancer	Marie Antoinette Espitalier (Ninette)
Best dodger	Elizabeth Whitledge
Best actress	Ethel Mercer
Best slang-exerciser	Marie A. Espitalier
Best type of Idealist	Mollie Bowman
Best type of Realist	Elizabeth Whitledge
Most affectionate	Marie A. Espitalier
Most amiable	Bessie Saunders
Most appreciative	Marie A. Espitalier
Most attractive	Mollie Bowman
Most broad-minded	Elizabeth Whitledge
Most business-like	Nellie Kelly
Most deep-minded	Agnes Gibson
Most "distinguée"	Dorothy Devaney
Most even-tempered	Anna Kate Wells
Most generous	Josephine O'Donnell
Most gifted	Agnes Gibson
Most handsome	Elizabeth Whitledge
Most individual	Lucy Millender
Most literal	Annie Kate Wells
Most lovable	Mary Meehan
Most loyal	Agnes Gibson
Most orderly	Mary Matthews
Most peppy	Nellie Kelly
Most persevering	Ethel Mercer
Most popular	Mollie Bowman
Most promising	Agnes Gibson
Most reserved	Mary Lyons
Most romantic	Margaret Hemphill
Most self-confident	Nellie Kelly
Most sentimental	Mary Meehan
Most sincere	Margaret Dickerman
Most spoiled	Josephine O'Donnell
Most studious	Helen Marlowe
Most sympathetic	Mollie Bowman
Most thoughtful	Dorothy Devaney
Most uncompromising	Elizabeth True
Most unselfish	Margaret Dickerman
Most versatile	Marie A. Espitalier
Most typical Northerner	Nellie Kelly
Most typical Southerner	Mollie Bowman
Calmest	Mary Matthews
Quickest	Nellie Kelly
"Our dearest little Freshie"	Margaret Worley

THE GLEE CLUB

Song

(To the air of "Sweet Genevieve")

Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,
Let's all rejoice and sing this eve,
Each song we sing before we leave
Ends sadly—just because we grieve.

Could we but linger here alway,
Laud thee with songs all bright and gay;
Under thy green pines forever and aye
Because we love thee, here we would stay.

Raymond Ryer's Weird

HUGH HENSEN laughed softly to himself as he re-read his evening mail, which consisted of one hastily scrawled note. It ran thus: "At last fortune seems ready to smile upon me. It is as if Providence had finally indicated the path to success. I have never wholly confided to you the cause of my eccentricities, but I feel that now the time to do so has come. Since I was a youngster, first venturing unsteadily into the realms of thought, I have felt that I was destined to greatness. My one aim in life has been to realize the purpose for which I was set apart. I have dreamed of this, night and day. Visions of the honors which await me haunt my sleep. 'Fame!' 'Fame!' seems echoed throughout the land. I long for fame! But, alas, today the living are never noticed. Too deaf, too slow to comprehend real genius till it is too late, and the hero has passed into the realm which no earthly praise can penetrate, the world applauds for ears that death has deafened, and a mind that is no longer susceptible to its judgments.

"I mean to enjoy the product of my labor, and hitherto I have waited for fate to act for me. But now I realize that I, myself, must be up and moving—hence my plan: *I shall die apparently,* and just when the news of my death is ringing through the land, you shall offer my manuscripts to the publisher. A part of the fortune shall be yours. What think you?

"Hastily,

"RAYMOND RYER.

"An excellent scheme," mused Hugh, as he placed the letter in his pocket. "A very excellent scheme," and while the smile still lingered on his lips, he arose and began to pace up and down the floor in deep contemplation. Finally, changing his smoking jacket for an outdoor coat, he left word with his butler that he would not be back for dinner and quitted the house. Some minutes later found him threading his way through one of the poorer sections of New York. At last, entering an old, gloomy building, which seemed to be the sole relic of days more fortunate for that district, he sprang lightly up several flights of stairs and knocked at a low, shabby door. Hearing no response, he turned the knob and stepped into a small, dimly lighted apartment. The air was dense with tobacco smoke, and feeling encouraged by this evidence of his host's presence, Hugh's eyes turned eagerly about the room. They finally rested on a figure seated before the fireplace, in which but a warm bed of coals now remained. For an instant the visitor gazed at the object of his call with no little envy. What a contrast there was between that poorly clothed figure and his own homely person! The form was youthful in appearance; small, slender and graceful. But when the head was lifted, Hugh gazed into a face which seemed to contradict the

first impression. It was the face of a dreamer, and bore an expression which seemed centuries old. Though the mouth was firm and straight, there was something almost feminine about the sad, wistful expression of the eyes. His hair was slightly grey, and now fell loosely over a high, rounded forehead.

"Well, Raymond," said Hugh, "I received your letter!"

The young author sprang to his feet upon being addressed, while an expression of childish enthusiasm lighted up his features.

"And is it not a fine idea? You see," he cried, flushing slightly, "I can tell no one save you —for people talk so much, and some one might try to interfere. But when the plan is well under way, and it is too late to hope of dissuading me, I want you to inform Mary."

"Capital!" exclaimed Hugh, "this is the wisest of all your wild schemes! You have my hearty congratulations, old fellow, and I am at your disposition."

Until early morning the young men sat before the fire, which they had heaped up with fuel to the chimney, and talked across a table, upon which were some well-filled decanters of invigorating beverage. It was arranged that Raymond should be reported dead; that Hugh should sell his manuscripts to the "greedy" publishers, and that the happy author should return to New York for his crown of laurels, with a tale of his having been knocked unconscious and kidnapped by a band of robbers. At daylight the friends parted, and Raymond retired to seek a few hours rest.

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Miss Mary Virginia Carroll pushed back one of the glass doors leading from the sitting room out into her mother's garden, and moved as though to leave the room. She hesitated, and then turned and addressed her parent who was knitting before the fire.

"Mother," she murmured, "if Raymond should come, send him to the garden. I am going there for a walk."

The matron looked up from her work and shook her head.

"Mary," she said, "surely you are foolish in allowing this eccentric young poet, who cares no more for you than for me, to come here. Don't you realize that his attentions will drive away Mr. Hensen?"

The girl coloured and stepped nearer to her mother.

"Why shouldn't he drive away Mr. Hensen? I am deeply in love with Raymond, and he and I are engaged to be married!"

Mrs. Carroll dropped her knitting and looked angrily up at her daughter. "Never!" she cried, "your father and I shall see that you marry Mr. Hensen if he should seem so inclined!"

Just then there was a step on the gravel walk and Mary went quickly through the open door, and she and Raymond passed into the garden together.

"I am going away this afternoon," he said, "on a business trip and shall not return for some weeks!"

Mary's smile faded away, and she looked up into the face of her lover with beseeching eyes. "Oh, Raymond," she pleaded, "I'm afraid to have you go until—until after we're married! Please, please don't! You see mother has strange ideas, and rather than not have her way she will go to any extreme—"

"My dear," answered the young author absently, while mentally reviewing his newly formed plans, "I must go. I am bound to perform a mission which is dearer to me than life; and not until it is accomplished can I think of marriage!"

This was a cruel cut, and the tears sprang into Mary's eyes, but she gave her hand to her absent-minded lover, and they parted. She watched his figure until it disappeared out of sight, then she sighed a pitiful little sigh and turned homeward.

A few days later an announcement appeared in the Herald of the sudden death in Washington of Mr. Raymond Ryer, a prominent young New York author. The deceased's coffin arrived in New York and was interred by a group of mourning friends. The blow was a severe one to Mary! When she saw the casket lowered into the grave she felt that all that was dear to her in life was being buried there forever. She went home after the funeral with bent head and broken spirits. No longer could she smile back at the flowers in the garden, but she stood long and sorrowfully at the gate, and imagined that she saw her lover's figure once more disappearing down the drive.

Meanwhile Raymond had removed to the country, and there he fretted away his time day after day, week after week, anxiously awaiting his summons to New York. No evil forebodings, however, o'er shadowed his mind. Night and day he wrote—wrote furiously—wildly, and mailed manuscript after manuscript to Hugh. Frequently his friend informed him of the favorable reception of the work, but ever he would say, "Wait but a little longer and your reputation shall be at its crisis,—then you may indeed return in triumph!"

Hourly new and vivid pictures of this triumph glowed in Raymond's imagination, and he became more and more restless. Finally, to gratify his pride and curiosity, he decided to visit New York secretly. Bundled up in a great coat and wearing a hat which came far down over his eyes, he set out for the former familiar scenes of his career.

Arrived in the city, Raymond made his way by non-frequented streets to the neighborhood

of his apartment. Arrived at the old house, so familiar to his hungry eyes, he stepped across the street in the shadow of a wall, and awaited events. He half expected to find the steps thronged with visitors come to take a look at the place where so great a man had lived and written. But the street was silent and void of life, apparently. Perhaps it was a little early for sight-seers. In the distance he heard the voices of youngsters at play, and he wondered, with no little irritation, how mothers could allow their children to be so boisterous, right in the vicinity which had been so lately robbed by death. It was most disrespectful.

As he stood there, hiding from an imaginary public which crouched ready to spring at any circumstance which concerned its beloved hero, his chest swelled with pride, and he could hardly restrain from rushing forth and proclaiming the glad tidings of his return.

Suddenly Raymond's attention was arrested by the appearance of a furniture car at the end of the street, and he was very much surprised when it drew up in front of the house which he was watching. Imagining that one of the other occupants of the building was moving, he was about to forget the incident and turn away, when he caught sight of two men lugging one of his handsome old arm chairs down the steps to the van. Indignant, furious, he was about to rush to the rescue. But remembering the sacrifice he would make by doing so, he checked the impulse and watched the proceeding in mental agony. Piece by piece all of his furniture was brought down and carried away. Rather taken aback at first, Raymond finally decided that these souvenirs of his life were probably to be encased for preservation. So, with easy mind, he entered the open door, and ascended cautiously to take a look at his old quarters.

Having reached the third floor, he stopped short before the first door and gazed with horror at a sign which he saw tacked up there. "For rent!" he gasped. "For rent!" he fairly shouted, as he leaned against the wall for support. Just then a scrub woman appeared on the threshold and gazed at the newcomer inquiringly. Drawing himself up with proud anticipation of what he was about to hear and, making a low bow, he inquired with great emphasis:

"Woman, whose residence was this?"

The inquiry was met by a blank stare, and a—

"I don't know, sir!"

With a loud groan, Raymond turned and fled down the stairs and out of the house. The next halt was at Hugh's residence. Finding the house open, and not wishing to be recognized by the servants, he entered in search of his friend. The hall was quite changed, being newly "done over" and re-furnished. This was not surprising, for Hugh spent money lavishly on his home. The place was very still. Tip-toeing up the steps, Raymond pushed open the study door

and advanced to the centre of the room. Here, too, he found vast changes, and a strange wonder began to creep into his soul. But seeing that his friend was absent, he turned to leave the apartment. Suddenly, a pile of papers, lying on the table, arrested his attention. He looked at them unconsciously, and lo and behold, it suddenly dawned upon him what they were! There were his manuscripts—*returned by the publisher!* So Hugh had just represented things falsely to keep from hurting his friend. Poor, dear Hugh! This blow was almost more than Raymond could stand. A feeling of terror clutched at his heart. He had a choking sensation. Slamming the door behind him, he rushed out into the open air.

A few minutes later he was hurrying through the garden of the Carroll home. Here, at least, he could find consolation. In this moment of great disappointment, of bewilderment, he at last realized the true strength of his love. He felt that Mary, alone, could heal the hurts of his wounded spirit, and he was flying to her—running up the path to find her. Already he felt the tenderness of her touch—the sweetness of her presence. He would tell her that never until now had he really loved. He would crave her pardon for his indifference. Already he opened the glass door and bounded in.____The room was empty. He called aloud and a servant came, but she started back with a cry at beholding the visitor.

"Where is she? Where is my Mary?" demanded Raymond with impatience.

But the black, who had seemed to turn two shades lighter in her terror, was unable to answer, and merely gurgled and shook her head.

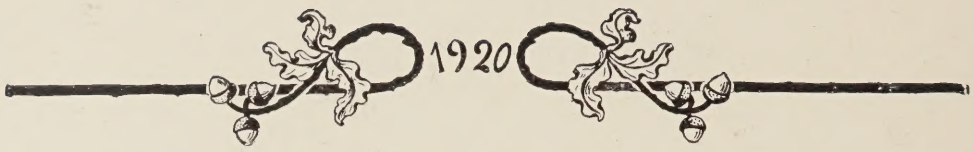
"Speak!" cried Raymond, seizing the woman by the arm, just as she tried to make her escape.

"She's don married Marsa Hensen!" gasped the servant, and being released, she fled.

For an instant Raymond did not move. He wondered vaguely if he would lose his mind. The truth was dawning—his friend had played the traitor! He staggered to the door, crossed the garden and shut the gate for the last time. At that same moment his heart seemed in very truth to break. At last he had come to himself.

Without thinking, or caring whither he went, he turned his steps toward the graveyard. There, in the stillness, in the quiet, he found peace. The wind was sighing through the trees, and he pictured to himself how a group of mourners had passed down that path some two months before. Presently, he came upon a newly made grave. Little weeds and sprouts of grass had begun to grow in the turf, and one small bunch of withered violets that dropped their heads with pity, was all that remained in memory of him who there reposed. He stopped curiously and read the inscription. It ran as follows:

RAYMOND RYER, Author
Died February 15th, 19—.



The young man fell on his knees, and a mighty sob shook his frame. So this was what had come of all his hopes,—a bunch of dead violets.

Overcome with grief and disappointment, Raymond took a note-book from his pocket, and began to write. His verse took the form of an elegy, and he poured his very soul into the words. He resented the indifference of the world, and he challenged man to look to Heaven, not to Earth!

Suddenly, the sound of music reached his ears. Rising, he wandered toward the church. He paused at the graveyard gate and watched the people thronging through the door. Then, oh sad occasion, he beheld "his Mary," in the robes of a bride, issue from the church on the arm of Hugh! A deep sigh escaped his lips, and he turned to finish his poem. But, unhappily, someone in the crowd had seen him. A whisper ran from mouth to mouth; then several members of the group started forward. Raymond suddenly recollected his "death," and turned to flee, but in his haste he dropped the book. As he stopped to recover it, he found himself too late. Someone had already seized it, so he fled. No wonder, the whiteness of his face, and his terrified expression, added to the report of his death had created a start among those who saw him!

This poem was taken for a communication from the dead—a reproach to the world for its forgetfulness, and it was published far and wide. At last Raymond was famous! His name rang through the nation. Spiritists all over the world took up the matter, and the duped public hoped another message would be sent!

Raymond, who felt himself forced into exile by fate, meanwhile retired to a remote spot in the mountains. One evening, just after he had received the latest account of his recognition, he was leaning against a tree in front of his cabin and gazing with yearning eyes into the valley below. The day was just waning, and twilight's shadows, eager to chase away the lingering sunlight, crept swiftly up the hillside. The sound of evening cowbells rose softly to the listener's ears, and far below he saw the shepherd home-returning with his flocks. Raymond's eyes sought the distant horizon, where the towers of a great city rose against the sky, then he turned his gaze to heaven and groaned aloud: "The greatest of all my ambitions is realized, yet I have lost all that would have made life worth while. The bonds which bind me to the loved world are cut, yet heaven is beyond my reach. I must enjoy my greatness in solitude. I dare not return to the mocking world! My writing must ever be the counseling of a departed spirit—of a *Living Dead Man!*

MARGARET BEALE HEMPHILL, College, '23.

Not slacking ... just Resting.
Ready !
Isn't it great !
I have got it !
Which will win ?
Notre petite Française
Mal-Mpd
A happy Family !
Birds of a feather !
Comrades.

Midnight

They peeped through the crack in the door; they looked the hall o'er.
Dark, dark was the passage—they saw not a "pate."
"Now, if there be foot-steps—those giggles, you smother—
Hush, Dorothy, hush! O, sweet Dorothy, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For Madame the hall prowleth late!"

The imps in the darkness crawl nearer and nearer;
They enter a door, and heave sighs of relief.
Then lo! a dim light gives sight, gives sight
Of pickles and crackers and cans of chipped beef!
"Ah! Buddy, make haste,
For time runs to waste,
And Madame's not yet quite asleep!"

The fall of a step comes nearer, comes clearer—
"Do you think she is listening, do you think she can hear?
You, Molly, get out—all eats let us cover!
Here's one that comes softly along the dark hall!
Let the pop-bottles glow!
Let the sandwiches go!
And home by the fire-escape crawl!"

E. T. and D. D.

The Hillside Literary Society

AS long initiated participants in the intellectual delights of a Literary Society, we have retained the keen enthusiasm which inspired us as beginners. Indeed, this enthusiasm has been increased with each successive year, until now we begin to fully appreciate what a helpful organization our Hillside Literary Society really is. It has long held a respected and venerated position, and continues to take precedence over the new clubs which arise each year. Although, it forms a part of our collegiate training, we consider it mainly as a pleasure. Do we not find therein thoughts to correspond to every mood, examples to satisfy every aspiration, and beauty so condensed as to represent what is, and always has been, the best in human nature? Then, too,

are we not given in this study, the opportunity of developing our powers of original criticism, as well as of enriching our minds by the lofty ideas in finished products of other minds, far superior to our own?

Realizing that good books are "medicine for the soul," we try to follow the advice of Bacon and read carefully, appreciatively, and well,—to "read not to contradict and comfute, nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider."

The subject chosen for study this year, "The Twentieth Century English and American Novelists," has certainly given us a particularly favorable opportunity of following out this last bit of advice. There was such a large field of work to cover, and so many rising novelists both in England and America that it was extremely difficult to make a choice of those to be discussed in the limited space of nine meetings. The first reunion was opened with the discussion of Herbert G. Wells, by Miss Mollie Bowman. This admirable criticism of one of the most popular of modern novelists was excellent in every respect, and gave evidence of extensive research upon a subject, which, to be well treated, required a marked power of analysis:

"The decidedly good style of Wells, together with his skill in weaving a plot, is what makes his works enjoyable to the public. It is sad that he does possess this art, since he uses it as an instrument to inject poison into the minds of thousands of readers—not that these characteristics in themselves are bad—they would be most admirable were they not a means of expounding a false and degrading philosophy! What *is* his philosophy? This is a difficult question to answer. He is sometimes a rank materialist, and again tries to be almost idealistic; he is also a socialist, an evolutionist and a pragmatist. As soon as he becomes deeply fascinated with one idea, he thinks out another until finally he is dealing in nothing but ideas, whether they be concerned with materialistic, evolutionary, socialistic or even so-called religious theories.

We all agree with the statement that Wells is 'irreligious, a man of prose, hard-headed, matter-of-fact.' However, even though he *is* all these things and is blessed with very many wholly bad characteristics still there are some few of his works, such as "The Wheels of Chance," untainted by that loathsome luridness which saturates so many of his productions. "The Wheels of Chance" is written in an entertaining literary style, is witty and bright and contains a simple and appealing pathos. W. L. Phelps says, 'The Wheels of Chance, describing bicycle adventures of Mr. Hoopdriver, the dry-goods clerk, has something of the combined mirth, pathos and tenderness of Don Quixote; there is not one hint in this little book of Wells the socialist, Wells the reformer, Wells the futurist, Wells the philosopher,—there is only Wells, the artist, whom I admire more than I do the sociological preacher.' If false philosophy, abnormal ideas and irreligion were all, we might be content merely to turn aside from Wells and hold him in contempt; or, if 'sociological preacher' were all, we might simply regard him with pity, but neither of these is enough. After advocating irreligious, impure and sometimes blasphemous doctrines, he turns to

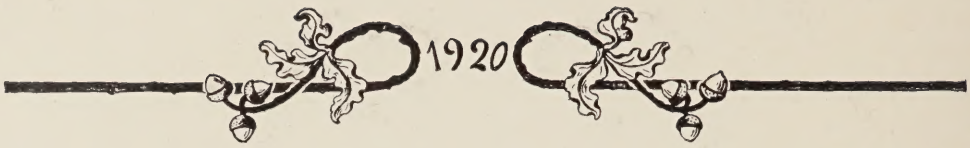
us with his erroneous and lax mind and begins teaching us, or rather preaching to us, the right kind of religion, as he calls it. How can we refuse to condemn severely the author and his works?

H. G. Wells professes to be a scientist, and no doubt, many of his defenders call him one, but no really deep and correctly trained mind could possibly accept Well's rambling, changeable, inconsistent, distant, unreal and contradictory hypotheses as science. He is so far removed from clear scientific thought that we some times wonder when reading him whether we are back in the time of Homer and Hesiod, listening to songs containing their cosmogony, or whether we are reading accounts of the world vagaries of the advocates of a millenium, found in Cromwell's England."

Wells' ideas are forever changing. This short quotation from "The Future of America" shows how susceptible he is to new ideas and how unsound and uncertain his unfortunate mind must be: 'I remember that to me, in my boyhood, speculation about the future was a monstrous joke. Like most people of my generation I was launched into life with millenial assumptions. The present sort of thing, I believe was going on for a time, interesting personality, perhaps, but as a whole inconsecutive, and then, it might be in my lifetime or a little after, there would be trumpets and shoutings and celestial phenomena, a Battle of Armageddon, and the Judgment___. To talk about the Man of the Year Million was, of course, in the face of this great conviction a whimsical play of fancy. The year Million was just as impossible, just as gayly nonsensical as fairyland.'

The best known of Wells' novels are: "Tono Bungay," "The Wheels of Chance," "Love and Mr. Lewisham," "Kipps," "The History of Mr. Polly," "Ann Veronica," "The New Machiavelli," "Marriage," "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harmon," "The Passionate Friends," "Boon," "Joan and Pete," "Mr. Brittling Sees it Through," and "The Soul of a Bishop." Some of these novels are not fit reading; such are, especially, "Marriage," "Anna Veronica," "The New Machiavelli," "The Passionate Friends." "The Soul of a Bishop" is supposed to contain a spiritual element, but ends merely in professing an irrational type of religion. When Wells is not a materialist in his religious views, he tries to be a deist, but fails to reach even that level. "Kipps" is humorous, but coarse. "Joan and Pete" and "Boon are interesting and well written; "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harmon" is, as it were, a separating line between these books and the "Ann Veronica" type.

Wells develops his religious ideas in four books. When it suddenly dawns on him that there *is* such a thing as the "Kingdom of God," that it may be worthy of his concentration, he unfolds his thoughts on the subject in "Mr. Brittling Sees It Through." He develops and adds to these spiritual ideas in "Italy, France and Britain at War," then still more in "God, the Invisible King"; and finally he reaches a climax in "The Soul of a Bishop," and, as has been well said, 'offers this book as a practical scheme for the saving of the nations, as well as of the individual soul.'



How kind Mr. Wells is to you, to me and to the Nation! *All* that we have as a means to save us is not enough without his religious instruction; all the pure, beautiful and inspiring literature in the world, the philosophy of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and their modern disciples is insufficient; nay, even the Holy Scripture, the Gospel teachings, are inadequate, without the aid of the generous reformer, who wishes to save the Nation and its individuals!

From the first four of these so-called spiritual books we derive much pleasure and interest, but no religious enlightenment. One especially striking characteristic in "Mr. Brittling Sees It Through," is Mr. Wells' unprejudiced account of the War. This is most probably due to the fact that he has always greatly admired Germany, and even, perhaps, studied under some of her philosophers. The novel is perfectly free from the bitterness and vindictiveness that is usually found in other men's works relating to the subject. Towards the conclusion of the book, when Mr. Brittling suddenly awakens to a realization of God, Wells seems to be entirely influenced by a volume called "The Truth of Religion" written by one of Germany's leading modernists. The passage from Wells just referred to is almost identical with the account of the awakening of the spiritual as given in the book of the German philosopher.

When Wells has expounded one theory he does not hesitate to lay it aside for another, but as long as any one notion, however false it may be, stays in his mind, he will sacrifice everything else in order to work it out. I agree with the following quotation: 'It is rather a pity that a man who can tell so good a story as Mr. Wells should allow himself to be ridden so hard by an idea.' He nearly always discusses ideas, rather than facts. He deals largely with the subject of Matrimony. In spite of his horrible, extreme, socialistic view of it,—the fact that he separates marriage from everything sacred,—he seems to conclude in the person of Mr. Brittling that the absolute inviolability of the marriage-tie, as insisted upon by the very strictest dogmas of Christianity, is the basis of the right kind of marriage.

"The Soul of a Bishop" shows a most irrational type of philosophy. Here we have the story of an Episcopalian Bishop, who, with a clear conscience, abandons his ecclesiastical office and all that it stands for—except God. He tells his daughter to remain in the Church of England, if it suits her; because if it suits her then it is true for her, but a different belief suits him, and therefore, is true for him. Here Wells openly displays pragmatic ideas. The maxim of the pragmatist is, "Anything is true that works out well." It is most unnatural that a bishop should desert Christ and every religious teaching, except a belief in a God (and Wells' conception of God is most strange, even blasphemous). He speaks not of an Infinite God, the God we adore, but of a God with a limit, a struggling and suffering God. In thinking of Christ, the Son of Man, he seems to forget that He was also the Son of an Almighty, Infinite, Omnipresent, Omnipotent Being and was Himself God.

The Bishop represented in "The Soul of a Bishop" represents Wells himself, as do many of his main masculine characters. (Most of his feminine portrayals are not well depicted enough to stand out with any particular significance). On deciding to leave his church and thinking he has found the right religion, the bishop says: "Religions are new, but *Religion* is old." This is, indeed, a valid statement in itself, but not in the way it is here applied. Indeed, the true Religion goes back to the time of Christ and from Him back to the very beginning of the Old Testament, but there are always, in every century, novel doctrines springing up. By religion, however, the bishop means simply a belief in God, or religion in the narrowest and most general form. This statement was made after the bishop left his church. The word here may be compared to those of the great Augustine philosopher and saint, but the latter's interpretation is very different. He says:

"Oh, Beauty, ever ancient and ever new
Too late have I known Thee; too late have I loved Thee!"

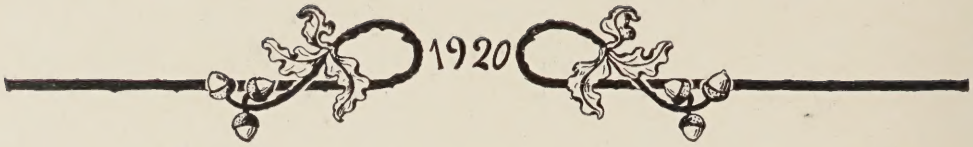
The Bishop, St. Augustine, speaks thus after his conversion to Christianity. This shows what a different meaning his words convey.

Wells says, through words of Mr. Brittling, 'Organized morals or organized thought, or organized religion are dead morals, dead religion and dead thought.____The unorganized life is the real life. The reality of life is adventure, not performance.' This gives us a key to Wells' outrageous and hopelessly confused opinions, and to the contradictory doctrines he propounds.

When asked for his estimation of the philosophy of Bernard Shaw, Mr. Brittling answers, 'Mixed Pickles.' This extremely expressive phrase may be applied even more appropriately to Wells himself, and, in fact, to practically the entire school of "Modernists" of which Wells is a well-chosen type.

If, after all, he only has the Love of God and Charity to our fellowmen to preach to us, why must we wade through all of his unreadable, unclean trash to get this. Why does he not simply quote Matthew, chapter XXII, 36 to 41: 'Master, which is the great commandment of the law?' Jesus said to him: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul and with thy whole mind. This is the greatest and the first commandment. And the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments dependeth the whole law and the prophets.' And we can certainly find a most exact interpretation of this in the great parable of the Good Samaritan."

Miss Hemphill's paper on Booth Tarkington and James Lane Allen was also excellent, and rendered particularly interesting by the fact that our ardent young student (who, anxious to consult primary sources, had written to these authors), was able to read for us personal replies from each of them. The following is an extract from her paper:



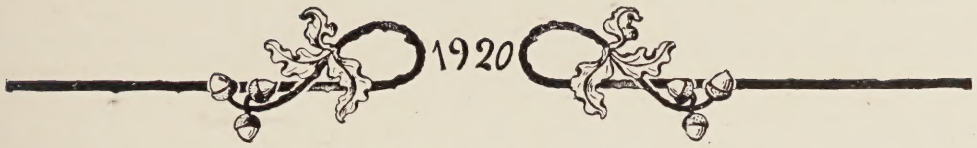
"In discussing two authors, so different in style, the comparison which we naturally draw takes the form of extreme contrast. The one, a realist and truly analytical of the thoughts of youth, chooses rather to appeal to the sense of humor of the world. The other, a deep thinker and master of pathos, leads us with his weird philosophy 'where the feet of angels dare not tread.' One but fifty years old and in the height of great fame—the other, seventy and almost forgotten. Neither to my mind is worthy of the name of genius—for that signifies one who is the incarnation, not merely the student of greatness."

Tarkington combines pathos and humor with an exquisite naturalness of touch. Although in "Seventeen" he caricatures all of the ridiculous, absurd sententimalities of a love-affair between the baby-talk lady and Little Boy Baxter, there is a strain of sadness, representing the tragedies of Youth, so human that one can repeatedly recollect an incident of one's own childhood, when one felt exactly as the hero does. Jane, the typical young sister, who never misses an opportunity to embarrass her seventeen year old brother, and Mr. Parcher, the father who suffers from the crowds of boys hanging around his house, are remarkable character sketches. The conclusion of the story, the scene at the station, is pathetic, where the heroine whispers to William, 'Don't forget. Don't forget Lola!' and then steps on the train with tears in her eyes, and glides away, leaving William to gaze at her for the last time in his life.

"Penrod and Sam" is delightful reading. "The Magnificent Ambersons," considered by some to be Mr. Tarkington's best work, is a little different from most of his books. It is long-drawn out, full of action—and almost too heavy and serious, at times, for the style. It represents an earlier epoch, and introduces capital kings and competition. The plot is complex, but the story centres mainly around the love affair between George Amberson and a beautiful and good young woman. Tarkington introduces spiritualism, as a means for parted lovers to communicate. One fault found with the characters is that Georgie Martin is made too intelligent and too admirable to behave in such a weak way as she does.

Some critics say that Tarkington's main fault is 'a suave expliciteness carried to the point of boredom'; and he lacks universality. But, as a very light writer, he is certainly charming and depicts human nature so vividly that it startles the reader. Also it has been said that he is a very gentle critic—his style is never biting or didactic.

Desiring to know something more of Booth Tarkington, and thinking that he was more apt to know himself than anybody else was, I wrote and asked him to please give me some details, and the other day I received the following answer:



Seawood,
Kennebunkport, Maine, Oct. 31, '19.

My dear Miss Hemphill:

I wish I might respond to your letter as you suggest—with my own real thoughts on some literary subject. Since 1914 I haven't been able to have thoughts on literary subjects: of course, I've written books and plays since then—but that isn't having thoughts on literary subjects, really, is it? I'm not "very literary"—not even during office hours, I hope—and five years ago the Grand Duke Nicholas became so much more important than Tolstoi, and Hindenburg than Goethe, and Haig and French than Goldsmith and Thackery, and Joffre and Flambert:—at least, for these times, the soldiers became so much more important than the writing men, that it was difficult for most people to think much about the latter. And now one finds his mind pretty well filled with Mr. Gumperes, Judge Gary, Foster and the striking policemen—thoughts about subjects are too tame for so lively a company.

But as I must prove, then, a disappointment to you, I shall ask Mrs. Tarkington to send you a recent newspaper sketch which viewed me in the most favorable light possible. It is almost as kind as an obituary, and I prefer it to one. It was indeed so very flattering that Mrs. Tarkington preserved several copies of it:—and your letter is so charming that I am sure she will be delighted to mail you a copy of the sketch.

Sincerely yours,
Booth Tarkington.

New York City, November 8, 1919.

My dear Miss Hemphill,

It had given me great pleasure to receive your letter and I deeply regret that a recent severe illness, from which I am but slowly recovering, leaves me unable to comply, as I should like, to your alluring request.

Indeed, I do not feel myself capable of more at the moment than to express to you in some measure my appreciation of the interest which you express regarding my work. And thus I shall feel obliged to beg of you that you convey to the College Literary Society the assurance of the happiness it gives me to think of them as assembled to consider such a theme. Please further inform them that in so far as it can be done by letter, I name you the historian of the occasion with full authority to imagine concerning me all the beautiful things you have been unable to ascertain!

Sincerely yours,
James Lane Allen.

The mention of his name recalls to our minds the gentle sadness, the atmosphere of mystery throughout his works, which seem to breathe the tale of some great personal tragedy. We wonder if there could ever have been overwhelming disappointment in the author's early youth. But nowhere is such hinted at in the records of his life. Charles Dudley Warner says: 'The literary work of James Lane Allen was begun with maturer powers and wider culture than most writers exhibit in their first publications.' This is evident in "The Choir Invisible," which was one of his first books. This story is a remarkably fine production; in fact, it can be ranked with some of the great masterpieces of the world. Again Allen used the historic background for this story of the 'last century pioneer of Kentucky.' The plot is laid in the magnificent wild-woods which were being penetrated by the early settlers. And the picturesque log cabin and beautiful gardens, as they appear in the mellow twilight, are described with rare charm. The work is quite a character study. The heroine, who is unhappily married and who falls in love with her frivolous niece's lover, is an ideal woman. She is the guiding star of Gray through all his life. He, in turn, having been refused by Amy, finds that he cares for the married gentlewoman. The struggle which goes on between the natural feeling and the conscience of the hero is dramatically described and full of strength. In spite of her unhappiness, Mrs. Falconer remains the faithful wife. The story is filled with unrequited yearning, and the conclusion is almost tragic, for the young lover goes away and becomes engaged just before Mr. Falconer dies, to a woman to whom he is indebted. Thus, when at last the heroine is free to love, she receives the news that her hero has married.

Phelps says of Allen: 'Some Americans have been beaten by their own past'—and alas, this is but too true. Could he have simply rested on the glory won by "The Choir Invisible"! His later books are far inferior. It is painful for us to realize that an author who has shown such genius can descend to write a book like "The Bride of the Mistletoe."

Allen's fate reminds one of a man who, drunk with the happiness of success, gropes for the path and falls over a precipice to destruction. The book is most unreal, and the hero of it seems more like a beast than a man; owing to a mistaken theory of human evolution which Allen seems to hold—at least, at times he imparts to his hero and heroine impulses scarcely human. But he never permits them to follow the wrong, either in this book or in any other. The whole atmosphere is weird and disagreeable; most base passions, however thrust aside, are experienced by the characters—and a ridiculous description of evolution is developed at great length. In this theory, the soul of man—created by God—is absolutely ignored. We wonder if good, gentle Allen could have been in his true mind when he wrote this book. Yet, one may trace a vein, a mere hint, which runs through all his works that he is trying to convince himself, by his own arguments, of the existence of Christianity. How truly he writes in "The Choir Invisible," 'My cry today, then, is the war-cry of the Spirit. Subdue the wilderness in you. Then in truth you may dwell in green and tranquil pastures, where the will of God broods like summer light.' But poor Allen

evidently could not subdue the wilderness, and being unable to convince himself of the truth, he writes "The Bride of the Mistletoe" from the depth of his confused soul.

But let us forget Allen's wanderings, his lack of universality, and remember him as the author of the great "Cathedral Singer," which is one of his latest books. In this story he describes the heroine, a mysterious gentlewoman and devoted mother, struggling in the world to support her small son against poverty. The 'footprints of destiny' are on her face—yet she is beautiful in her devoted love for her child. We learn to be truly fond of these two characters. But just as success seems rising before them—when it is discovered that the child has a wonderful voice and is asked to sing in the Cathedral choir,—he dies, and the mother is left alone.

Allen describes with great beauty how she turns to the Cathedral for consolation and is happy with the love of God. It seems that Allen, who, for a time appeared 'subdued by the wilderness,' has been lifted to the light of heaven once more—and as he concludes his last book with these words full of hope: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' we realize that once more the author has grasped the threads which lead to an eternity in Heaven!"

This plan of studying conjointly the American and English authors was followed out each month throughout the year. At the November meeting, Miss Bowman completed her study of the English novelists by a discussion of John Ascough. Her apt criticism and remarks gave evidence of careful judgment, and this entertaining study, based particularly on "Jacqueline," "Faustula," and "French Windows," was intensely enjoyed and appreciated.

At the same meeting, Miss Lucie Millender dealt with two well-known American writers: Winston Churchill and Owen Wister. With characteristic originality, she criticised their novels, and by means of clever comparison and contrast, brought out more clearly the qualities and fefects of each:

"Churchill is basically a reformer. He has attempted to reform the political, social, and finally the religious worlds. This desire to reform is the keynote to his whole character, and his ability to depict the various conditions of life is commendable, to be sure.

His first published novel was "The Celebrities," in 1898. Also among his first books "A Far Country," is an attack upon modern commercialism, and is said to border upon tedium. Then there are three other books and an essay which are of importance. The first of these is his much discussed novel, the "Inside of the Cup." One critic has it that he 'devoutly, reverently and energetically attacks the modern church.' Another disagrees most emphatically with the 'reverently,' grants that it is energetic. Still another says that he ends up this 'irreligious tract by having his hero, an Episcopalian minister gone astray, accept a kind of Unitarianism and a disinherited millionaire's daughter, with which to face the world for the first time. Nevertheless, all seem to agree that in it he comes very near atheism, but that with all its doubtful qualities it is interesting.

His treatise called the "Modern Quest" is in the same strain, only more confused. In this, he also attacks the church. Upon good authority I state that his arguments are quite completely answered by the following: first, in refutation of his accusation: It is the principle of the Church to do one's thinking for one, 'The Church is no opponent to science and enlightenment, but kept alive learning during the dark ages; there would be no civilization in the world, no modern learning except for the Church. The thinking that the Church does for man is in the supernatural order, concerning things that they cannot find out for themselves, such as the mysteries of revelation.'

Then again, when Churchill objects to authority: 'Objection to authority is absurd, because all human life and action is based on human authority and testimony.' Suppose a man wished to go to Europe for the first time. Does he not accept another's authority when he believes there is a Europe, never having seen it for himself?

Again, acknowledging the divinity of Christ, he lays aside His teachings. For this third point we have: 'How can he acknowledge the divinity of Christ and refuse Him obedience?' These two are clearly contradictory but the "Modern Quest" has a great deal of illogical statement in it, and concludes in an entirely unqualified confession of faith.

His latest book is the "Modern Chronicle," a fine picture of modern social life. This same authority says of it, 'The book, on the whole, has an atmosphere of Christianity, and certainly the Christian ideal of marriage is unmistakably upheld.' We are surprised to find on the last page the remark, 'We can know nothing of the hereafter.' Such a statement is at variance with the train of thought of the rest of the book. Again, 'His heroine prays on several occasions, but although we may infer that strength is given to her for prayer, there is no positive statement to that effect, there is no apparent connection with the prayer and that which follows.' Then again, 'The tragic experience of his heroine is carefully and delicately described. Conditions of certain phases of modern society are depicted with wonderful skill and accuracy. Although this book might not impress the young mind, a careful study of it would be profitable to some of the women of society.'

The last book which I will mention is "Coniston," his masterpiece. It was published in 1906, and shows Churchill at his best, almost completely portraying his mental and moral character. His literary style is smooth, and easily understood, but as Phelps says, lacks distinction. He has no lightness of touch, no prevalent note, to differentiate him from many others, like the forcefulness of Kipling, the sublime ridiculousness of O. Henry in his less serious moods. However, his style is clear, and terse at times. His greatest virtues consist in his accurate mirroring of passing public life and feeling, his honesty and high ideals—his 'high-mindedness,' to use one of his favorite expressions. But he has his literary drawbacks, too.

First, he has no sense of humor. The only trace of anything like humor to be found in the five hundred and forty-eight pages of Coniston in the picture of Jethre Bass, walking along kicking up his heels, and his imitators likewise kicking up their heels behind, following on (at least, such is my opinion).

Another of his defects lies in his characters, in their lack of life. This was my first thought upon reading "Coniston." The only character with a respectable amount of vitality is his chief hero, Jethro Bass. He seems, as some one has said, to make his characters do such and such a thing, because he thinks that is what they should do, but he does not enter into the spirit of his book, but rather places himself above his characters and his readers, and looks upon the action as an outsider.

Later in the year, Miss Dorothy Devaney's paper on E. F. Benson, and those of Misses Mary Lyons and Elizabeth True on Monsignor Benson and James Barrie, respectively, created much enthusiasm. The following are selections from each in turn; as well as from that of Miss Edith Crossland upon a study of Monsignor Sheehan:

"Through 'Mrs. Ames,' Benson reveals a sound moral code. Mrs. Ames decided to abandon the suffragette movement, not because she thinks the principle unworthy, but because she realizes that her husband is annoyed with her stand as a suffragette. The facts are everyday, but the simple and determined attitude which she adopts—when she finally concludes that all other duties are subordinate to those she undertook twenty-five years before, at the altar—shows her to be a truly noble woman of sound judgment as well as a sincere Christian.

It takes a firm, but skilled pen to deal with human weaknesses, and Benson in his book, "Freaks of Mayfair," has shown himself capable of wielding such a weapon. He severs the cords of pretention and displays before our eyes human nature as it is. His humorous touches take away the bitterness, or stings that his irony and sarcasm may inflict.

He shows how trivialities lead to serious consequences. And how society, roaming at large with nothing to do, unconsciously arrives at dangerous social evils, unaware that it is standing on a precipice."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Monsignor Benson's readers belong to no one defined class or circle, for there is that in his works which makes its appeal to all. No other Catholic writer since the great Newman, ever gained such wide-spread popularity and influence. The good inculcated into his readers is beyond estimation, and only at the last day shall be revealed the multitudes, who have been led by him to see the 'City set upon a hill.' Inspired by the loftiest motives, aided by his brilliant intellect and literary gifts, Benson has produced novel after novel, all fit to be the criterions of their type. Al-

though he is best known by his novels, Benson's was a versatile gift. He was a brilliant controversialist, a reverent writer of religious works, and a poet of no small talent."

"Barrie is one of the few writers, having the rare combination of being a born novelist and a born dramatist. His plays show nothing at all of the methods of a novelist, and he far exceeds his nearest competitor, Galsworthy, in this respect.

In so far as Mr. Barrie's personality is revealed through his works, it is unique and charming. His wonderful love for his mother is expressed in the beautiful tribute he pays her in his introduction to a "Window in Thrums." In speaking of Jess, the heroine of the story, he says: 'Anything that was rare or beautiful in her she had from my mother; the imaginary woman came to me as I looked into the eyes of the real one. And as it is the love of mother and son that has written everything of mine that is of any worth, it was natural that the awful horror of an untrue son should pursue my thoughts and call upon me to paint the picture portrayed in this story.'

Barrie has the invaluable gift of mingling pathos and humor, as well as having a delightfully satirical fancy. His works give sweet and wholesome entertainment for young and old alike and each and everyone of them are graceful revelations of character. However, Barrie is at his best, when describing his 'brither Scots.' The quaint humor, natural pathos and character portrayal in "The Little Minister," "Sentimental Tommy," "Auld Licht Idylls," and "A Window in Thrums" are his finest literary qualities.

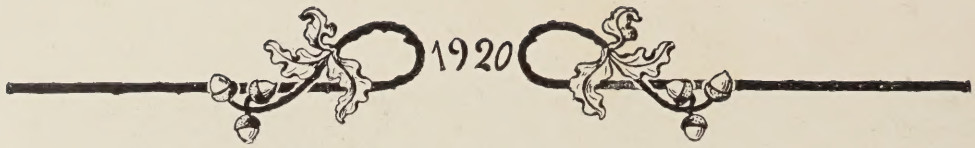
All of his works without exception are edifying. The delightful Christian tone about his books is truly refreshing, when we think of the man rubbing shoulders with such writers as Galsworthy and Shaw."

"When one looks over the writings of Canon Sheehan, one is struck by the variety of subjects, which he treated so well. Education, clerical life, the Irish peasantry, history, poetry—any branch would have made him famous. His success in this wide field was due to his keen intellect which could grasp so readily the aspects of different questions. His mind was ever on the alert, ready to deal with situations in a highly intelligent manner. When it came to finding material for his stories he had little trouble, for his mind absorbed facts, stories, and impressions.

Space does not allow us to go more fully into the year's program. These criticisms may sometimes seem immature, or incomplete, but they represent the original work done by Freshman and Sophomore, as well as Junior and Senior students. Each is inserted just as it was written. It suffices to say that the Hillside Literary Society has accomplished more this year than ever before, and that all of its members have worked untiringly to make it a true success.

Agnes Gibson, College and Lycée, '20.

LIBRARY



The Sodality

THIS year has been one of remarkable progress and success for the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary,—in spite of the fact that, previous to the first reception, our numbers were lessened considerably on account of the absence of former members, graduates of last year. Both aspirants and real members have devoted themselves enthusiastically to the spiritual and temporal growth of this organization. They deserve congratulations for their zeal and loyalty in working for Her, whom we seek to imitate, and in whom we see the true example of

"Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

The first reception of the year was held as usual on December the eighth, when the following new members were received into the Sodality: Josephine O'Donnell, Elizabeth True, Mary Lyons and Mildred Malone.

This was soon followed by the Annual retreat, given by Father P. Ryan, S. J., of Augusta, Ga. His beautiful sermons contained most practical advice and counsel. In addition, we have had the good fortune to benefit by little talks from Mother Lorin, who is ever interested in the members and work of the Sodality.

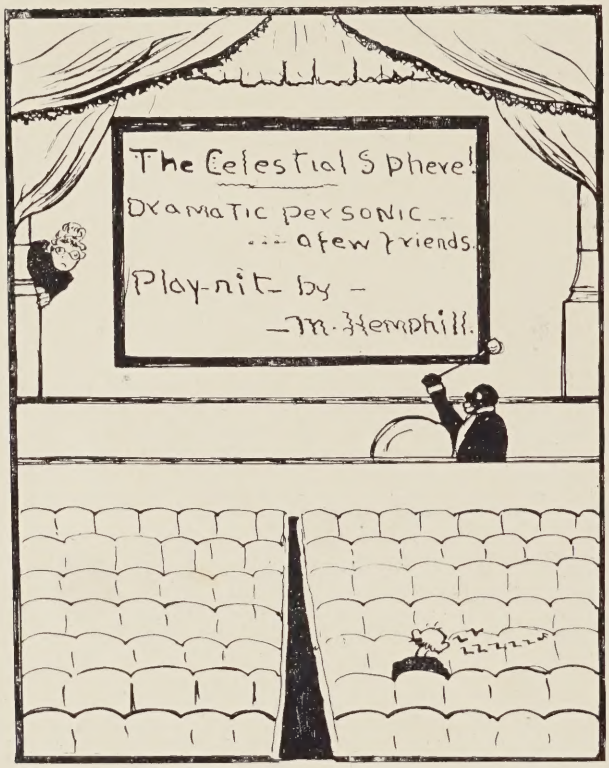
The next reception will be held on May the second. Such a feast being in the month particularly dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, gives the day a special significance, only increased by the fact that the lovely spring weather permits us to make a pilgrimage to our "Grotto of Lourdes," where ivy and an abundance of spring flowers unite to form a beautiful picture.

The Sodality has been able this year to accomplish a long-desired project, that of offering a chalice for the chapel. It gives us extreme pleasure to feel that such an honor has been ours!

In looking back over the work of the Sodality in nineteen hundred and twenty, and in previous years, we all realize that the greatest part of its success is due to the untiring devotion of our directress, who is a constant inspiration for each of us. May the Sodality, under her guidance, continue for long years, growing in number and in the fervor and loyalty of its members.

A. Gibson, College, Lycée, '20.

COLLEGE READING ROOM



A Glimpse of Private Life at S. G. C.

IN THREE PEEPS

PLAY-RIT ---------- By M. HEMPHILL
DRAMATAE PERSONIC ---------- FRIENDS

PEEP I.

Mary Stuart's Room—Mary Stuart, pacing the floor.

" 'Words, like nature, half reveal and half conceal the soul within'—So fie on't, 'tis my belief that Emily loved Palamon after all!"

Enter Peggy, on a hard run:

"Help! Help!" she cries, gripping Mary by the neck, "have you seen them? Answer me!"

Mary, freeing herself, and peering from the window:

"What say'st thou? Palamon and Arcite? Hasten—has Emily yet revealed her true spirit, and shown that she, too, is capable of love. Oh, l-o-v-e, how universal is thy touch!"

PEGGY: "Palamon and Arcite, are you *mad,* woman—this is no time for trifling—My fig-newtons; I've lost them!"

Here the door opens, and a group of young damsels enter through the exit.

ANNIE KATE: "Girls, do you know that poor Miss Green has just buried her aunt within the last two weeks?"

NELLIE: "Knowing of her aunt's death, I had hoped that she would have such a ceremony performed."

Enter Mary Lyons.

Exit Mary Lyons.

JOE, as she repressed some copious tears which arose to her eyes, shivered for a moment like agitated walnuts, then sank regretfully back: "I w—want to go home!"

Enter Ethel, toying with a fistful of fig-newtons—

"Mary, I wonder what Mr. H.——" but here the late visitor, who for once felt that her friend, Peggy, was the last person on earth she desired to encounter just then, closed her fist spasmodically and sank into oblivion.

BESSIE: "At last your *biscuit mystery* is cleared up, Peggy!"

ELIZABETH: "Is Ninnette ill?"

MOLLY: "Why I wonder—She went to bed last night, you know."

NINNETTE, appearing—"Casey Jones, yes! In France we enjoy a kind of 'stuff' that iz called sleep *every night.*"

DOROTHY: "How common!"

Here a messenger enters with a "special" for Nellie. She, wriggling with enthusiasm,

"Oh girls, I wonder why I'm so irresistible!"

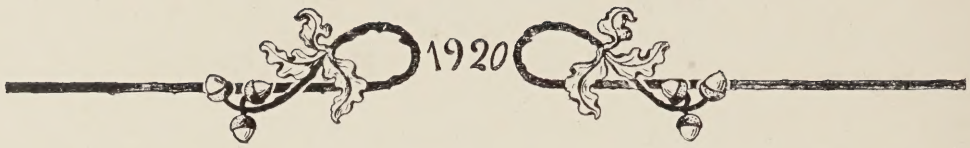
NINNETTE: "Good-night, je ne sais pas!"

DOROTHY: "How un-refined!"

Suddenly all voices are quelled. A deep sighing sound, "Shee," passes along the hall, swelling in volume until it seems to the awe-stricken listeners that the transom trembles and the windows shake. And. like the French citizens who took to their cellars when the alarm was sounded at the approach of a hostile air-craft, all heads disappeared, under tables, behind doors and elsewhere.

Enter Madame, who looks at Mary in surprise. "What was all this laughing about? Don't you realize that some consideration is due those who wish to study? Such hilarity should be reserved for the campus!!!"

"I was just telling myself a joke, Madame—But do you suppose that Chaucer didn't know human nature well enough to realize that Emily must have loved either Palamon or Arcite?"



PEEP II.

Reading Room.

ELIZABETH: "Why did they call you 'Belle' last year, Lucie?"

LUCIE: "They had to characterize me in French for fear that the other girls might understand and be jealous! That was in the good old high school days, before I had ascended to these dizzy heights."

ELIZABETH: "What makes you seem so sort of lost, Lucie—don't you feel at home in this, your fourth year at St. Genevieve's?"

LUCIE: "You forget that previously I resided in the Academy—*there,* I was at home! But here I'm torn by such a combination of liberty and obligations that I know not whither to turn."

ELIZABETH: "It's best just to keep straight ahead, friend; if you turn there's no telling what conditions you'll meet! But would you like me to give you a few lessons on college statistics?"

Lucie slowly nods her head. "Well," quoth Elizabeth, "the rigid discipline of colleges is camouflaged by permissions. If you are unsophisticated enough to accept any invitations to read story books, chat, or dream—you'll find yourself so far behind in the everyday requirements that you'll spend the ensuing six months trying to make up—"

But here another Freshman star scampers in:

"Oh, mercy," she cries—"I only got ninety-nine and five-sixths on my English examination, and I certainly expected a hundred! But that *is* a fine mark, n'est-ce pas?"

ELIZABETH: "And as I was saying, Lucy, modesty is our motto."

MARY STUART: "And is that akin to love?"

ELIZABETH: "Mary Shuford, what do *you* think of this?"

MARY: "I suppose so."

ELIZABETH: "Girls, modesty is a becoming diffidence—a gentle moderation of self-praise. And as for some connection with love—we find in our higher studies that all things are more or less akin, *even* Freshmen and Juniors. But for a good definition of love—"

Enter Mary Meehan (carrying a milk bottle, as usual):

"Oh, I smell rubber burning!"

ELIZABETH: "Miss Meehan, you are mistaken, that is the beef steak cooking!"

Exit.

HELEN MARLOW; "Lend me your ears a moment, girls! Can you explain to me the circumstance of the mysterious 'black room' which is whispered of so frequently? It is a befitting subject upon which to form a plot—I can imagine hidden skeletons, chests of gold, etc.!"

MARY MATTHEWS: "Shee! softly, softly, Helen. I have also remarked many queer circumstances surrounding this room. Penciled manuscripts of all kinds are daily deposited therein—and it is said that they will appear to us some night, by the ray of a torch. These are queer say-

ings indeed, Helen, and, late of an evening, one hears low tones within the precincts of those walls —and once, while I stooped with my ear to the keyhole, I heard someone say, "Bring forth the dummy!" Then, after a long silence, another person whispered: "This cut must not be a failure!" Terrified by such blood-thirsty language, I fled. Whom should I meet but 'Sissy?' She was talking with Molly—and I arrived just in time to see her twitch her thumb over her shoulder, as she said:

"To the Black Room, Molly!"

HELEN: "Ah! ha! I see fine material here."

NINETTE, with characteristic abruptness: "Casey Jones, have you heard of Annie Kate's romance?"

"What?" echoed all.

"Why," volunteered Dorothy, "she was seated some distance in front of me on the street car, and I reached over and tapped her shoulder. Quick, was her panoramic glance, but I was still quicker. Her eyes finally rested on a meek little man across the aisle, and she immediately attributed to him this romantic forward action. So when I tapped her again—first she blushed (for certainly this attention was most flattering), then recalling her maidenly modesty, she gave him an icy glance of contempt. The poor fellow riggled uneasily, and made for the exit at the first stop. But this happened to be our "getting off place," too, so complications arose.

"How dare you follow me, sir!" quoth Annie Kate, but he perceiving her evidently in pursuit to avenge the unknown offense, entered the back of the car, and disappeared as quickly as possible."

EDITH: "Well that is funny, but my sense of humor and I have gotten into so much trouble up here, that I'm almost afraid to laugh except in the privacy of my boudoir. It seems that I made a most in-excusable *faux pas* yesterday—when I confidentially told Madame that I thought I'd best not stay to see the play rehearsed as I might laugh too loud and disturb the actresses. I meant to be flattering to the college wit—how did I know that the drama was a tragedy?"

AGNES: "Edith, you have a kindred spirit in Jones. He frequently misapplies words. The other day, he threatened to leave, because somebody had thoughtlessly taken his 'mouchoir' (which he had out on display) for a dust cloth, and used it accordingly. "If they don't larn to show me some condescension, I'se guana leave!" he declared with determination.

LUCIE: "But did you hear of a neighbor of ours who was locked up in her press?"

"No," was the response.

"Well—it was this way. I'd been hearing someone screaming help! help! for about an hour. So I decided just to walk down stairs and see if I could be of any assistance. When I got near the Academic department a plaintive little voice, hoarse with exercise, cried: 'Help! help me! somebody!' Now, I thought of going and informing Madame Z— of the incident, but just then I remembered that I'd left one of my private drawings out in public view, so I went back to remove it. A few interruptions occurred. Returning, finally, to the second floor, I found the night watch-

man, and Will, and a number of other emergency experts chopping down a door. So, I began to think that something was wrong. These suspicions were confirmed when the door finally caved in, and this youthful neighbor of ours issued through the aperture, in a flood of tears."

ANNIE KATE, who had just tripped in on the scene:

"Do you reckon she was locked in?"

Enter ELIZABETH: "As for love—'every soul is a celestial Venus to every other soul. The heart has its sabbaths and jubilees, in which the world appears as a hymeneal feast, and all natural sounds and the circle of the seasons are erolicodes and dances.'"

BUDDIE, in an undertone:

"She went to look that up!"

PEEP III.

(The student body is on the campus 'neath Mr. Pelton's admiring lens)

Mr. P., revolving his camera several times, calls out from beneath the black drapery which conceals his identity, "Just a moment—wait until I find you!"

The subject matter—which is grouped on the steps somewhat like sardines in a can—waits patiently until the photographer has located it.

MR. P.: "The young lady with the very intelligent expression will kindly look up!"

A dozen or more faces instantly are raised.

MR. P.: "The last person on the back row must look at me!"

NINETTE: "Mais, I am near sighted."

ANNIE KATE, in an undertone: "Sur' nuf, he said for you to stand on that pillar, Ici!!!"

MR. P.: "'Tisn't as easy as it looks, is it, Miss?—One, two—!"

MOLLY: "Wait a minute—there's a tear in my left eye!!"

JOE: "Lucy, for goodness' sake, smile—that face of yours is as long as the Political Economy period!"

LUCY: "Please excuse it—but I find it most inconvenient to smile just now!"

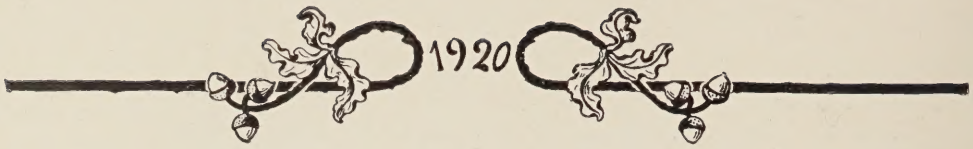
THE PHOTOGRAPHER: "Could the young lady in the dark blue sweater kindly stop talking—the torture will last but a minute! Ready—one—two—!"

MARY: "Isn't this a romantic scene—groups of damsels gathered on the Convent lawn, and the blue sky waxing radiant above us?"

And gradually this twittering, like the chirp of birds at twilight, died away into silence, and the college learned, the next day, that they'd had their picture taken.

M. HEMPHILL, College, '23.

HUMOR



St. Genevieve's Casualty List

I

KILLED IN ACTION

Jo-Budds—Leading Glee Club Songs
Mary Meehan—Developing muscles
Peggy and Ethel—Fighting
Lycée Girls—Speaking English
Mary Lyons—Talking
Freshman Class—Enjoying too many privileges

II

SEVERELY WOUNDED

Agnes—Lack of work
Mollie—Moroseness
Ninette—Inactivity
Helen—Laziness
Nellie—Lack of pep
Mary Shuford—Boldness
Sophomore Class—Leisure!!
Annie Kate—Sophistication

III

SLIGHTLY WOUNDED

Elizabeth T.—Escaping "crushes"
Edith—Keeping silence
Dorothy—Reducing
Mary Stuart—Running from duty
Junior Class—Loafing
College "Entièrement"—Pulling together

IV

MISSING IN ACTION

Hempy—No masculine attention
Elizabeth W.—"Unpunctuality"
Mary Matthews—Precipitation
Margaret W—Gloominess
Rebecca S.—Starvation
Senior Class—Ignorance
Annual Staff—Idleness

ELIZABETH: "Look at that old rain! Makes me tired. I was just thinking of going out to get some air."

NELL: "Why not get your air in the music room, old dear?"

MARGARET: "Where did I put those notes, please do tell me!"

NELLIE: "Possibly you put them in a band box, and when the band started playing the notes flew out."

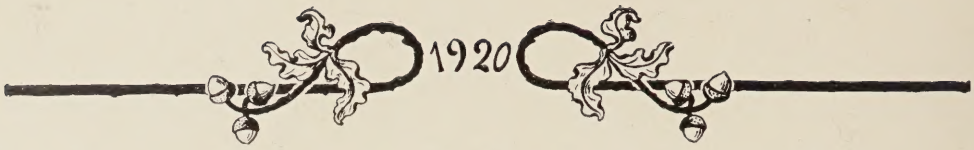
Thoughts to Confound Our "Logical" Friends:

Mary Lyons said that she didn't mind the exam. in Logic, if only some questions were asked about "quadrupeds." All we know is that "quadrupeds" have four legs. Mary, here is a four legged table; in the name of Dr. Turner we ask you, is this table a quadruped?

Ninette, in an overflow of enthusiasm, was voicing her thoughts out of the window and, as usual, wishing to nip any remonstrances in the bud, which might be offered by her neighbors, she explained:

"I'm speaking to nature—"

"Well, nature said to shut up!" came around the corner in thunderous tones.



DEFINITION OF THE LYCEE

Talking they come, talking they stay, and talking still they go away.

A LA MODE AU LYCEE

Anything concerning New York.
Conversation (francaise?)!!
Birthdays.
Acting.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF ANNIE KATE

"I couldn't learn my IX Satire, because it isn't in my book of fables."
"Oh, I'm not going to talk about the Hotel de Rambouillet, but about those other saloons."
(To Ethel, seeking inspiration for a French composition).
"Have you thought of a plot?"
ETHEL: "Uh-huh!"
"Well, haven't you got two?"

A PERFECT DAY

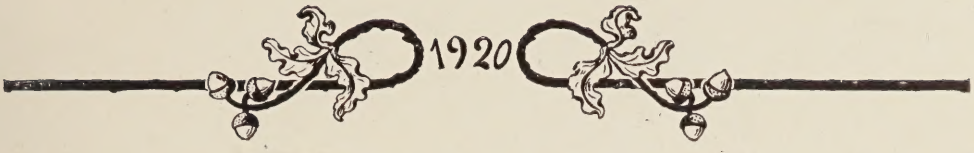
1. When the overloaded coat rack fell on Peggy.
2. And someone gave Annie Kate a black eye.
3. And Ethel gave herself rheumatism by trying fancy dancing.
4. And Mary went home sick.

ETHEL: "Mary, what part have you in 'Rodogune'?"
MARY: "Cléopâtre."
ETHEL: "Say, that's a hot rôle!"

HEARD IN OUR SLEEP

MARY: "Cyrano, mon Cyrano
Ou vous allez, je vais 'go.'"
ETHEL: "A, E, I, O, U. Ah, les belles choses! les belles choses!"
PEGGY: "Oui, Madame."
ANNIE KATE: "Dans ma chambre."
ALL OF US: "When we get to New York.
HEMPY: "Peggy, can you typewrite?"
ETHEL: "Huh! She can typewrong."

Au revoir, until the 6th day of July. The day we arrive in New York. We're all going, you know.



Society Column

(From the Irregular Gazette—Editor, M. Hemphill)

Miss Josephine O'Donnell, a well known resident of St. Thomas Aquinas' Hall, entertained at eleven o'clock last evening, with a feast in honor of the appetites of her fellow students. Miss O'Donnell's attractive little room was rendered totally dark for the occasion, and the guests were allowed to find their mouths as best they could.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

Miss Ninette Espatalier, alias "Casey," executed the public with a most delightful entertainment, Friday last. It was in the form of an original moon-lit sonata, but rendered long after all lights—either artificial or natural—had been extinguished.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

The weekly meetings of the Historical Society, which were held regularly before Xmas for the purpose of discussing the latest events of interest, including the recent visits of celebrities, were prorogued for the remainder of the season—and an entirely new subject is now being treated.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

An announcement which will be a great surprise to those unacquainted with Miss Lucy Millender, is her engagement—in sawing wood. It is reported that a whole cord was mutilated by her during the Xmas holidays. (But the editor thinks there is some mistake here, and suggests that she began in September).

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

Miss Mary Meehan, formerly a resident of Columbia, but later an inhabitant of Victoria road, and during the quarantine a visitor of St. Genevieve's (being a student of the Lycée, who is about eighteen years of age, and has a pair of naughty eyes), has just returned to the Celestial Sphere with a bottle of milk—having visited the fence.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

Miss Margaret Hemphill has moved into room 127 for the spring season.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

Miss Molly Bowman delightfully entertained last week with a "fire-escape" party. Miss Bowman rendered some charming selections of her own composition. Among them was an "Ode

to a Heatless Radiator," and a lengthy sonnet in many verses, entitled "Oh, for a Warmer Clime."

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

Mr. Longhurst met his choral class today but evidently the spring season has effected the college vocal chords, as not a sound issued forth in answer to his agonized pleading.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

The return of the spring season also has its advantages, such as the arrival of an April shower just as the college starts to walk.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

"Beaucoup de" fun this week! Additional lectures, continual French, four exams, and Norma Talmadge starring at the movies.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

All St. Genevieve's girls are cordially invited to the dance to be given by the Walhalla Glee Club, Monday night.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

The numberless acquaintances of Miss Mary Stuart Pegram will hear with interest that she has been nominated plumber, electrician, mouse eradicator, and general officer of the peace in St. Angela's corridor.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

The cuisinière of St. Genevieve's will learn with no little relief that the biscuit-eaters, the Misses Mercer and Dickerman, have returned to their respective homes upon the elimination of the quarantine.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

CHEF D'OEUVRE

We have just finished writing our chef d'œuvre, which we expect to publish in book form, some time in the near future. The theme of our drama is absolutely thrilling, we admit this, and the climax is reached when a slight noise is heard on the stage—the wee voice of a "Lollypop" calling to its mate, "Papaw—papaw!" Lovers of real drama can appreciate this scene, because there is so little to it.

THE VISITOR

'Twas accidentally revealed to us by Annie Kate, that she has the pleasure of receiving from her closet, quite often, a visitor. This honor is paid her about eleven o'clock. Just what the purpose of these visits is, she hasn't yet taken time to find out. The only information she can give us is that the mysterious creature is clothed in white from top to bottom, and lets escape a muffled sound resembling that of a suffering kangaroo.

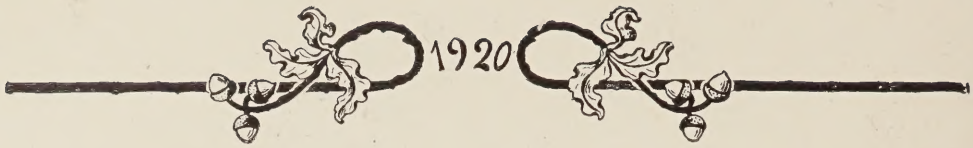
The same visitor who calls occasionally upon Anna Kate, created not a little furor by unexpectedly "dropping into" the apartment leased by the Misses Saunders and Kelly. The Miss Saunders was evidently a personal friend of said visitor for she was not all perturbed as 'twere—but what of the Miss Kelly? Party of the second part was found in a semi-maudlin condition, counting stars and catching pink elephants, which she insisted were flying all about her under the bed. Oh yes! we forgot to tell you that the dignified Miss Kelly sought refuge under her trusty couch immediately upon glimpsing the "unfair unknown."

But who was this "fair unknown?" Only Molly exercising some of her uncanny powers (?) of mesmerism.

Something, supposedly an animal, with a long bushy tail, paid his respects to room 123 about midnight, on the 26th of January. He was received with many outbursts. So unexpected, indeed was he, that his guests imagined themselves in a dream. However, after amusing himself very much at their expense, he departed, but only in body, it seems. As Nellie and Rebecca declare his spirit comes back occasionally.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

It was a happy little crowd that set out for Anderson during the Easter holidays. It was raining but nothing of any consequence happened en route except that the automobile, accustomed to the sandy hills of South Carolina, slipped about half way down a muddy mountain road. Then, of course, there were five blow-outs which, I believe did frighten the occupants just a little, and too, as darkness overtook them, they did lose their way, and happened to travel sixty-three extra miles, but, habitually accustomed to walking, all the added ride was quite enjoyable.



It Depends on the Point of View

("Where Ignorance is Bliss")

THERE is a girls' school (an imaginary one, or just an ordinary material one). In it we find girls, just plain, average girls. The plain, is not supposed to describe anything phisical. This is purely a moral and mental essay.

These girls may be divided into three main divisions: first, those who wear glasses continually; second, those who wear them occasionally; and third, those who never wear them.

The first class are admired by the Faculty because they are always prepared to answer, the second by the girls because they are prepared at times, and the third by nobody, because they never know anything.

This unfortunate third class has ever been a problem to both instructors and parents. However, it need cause no worry at all to any party if that party will only inquire a little more deeply into the case.

View the question philosophically.

The pupil will perhaps pick up a few grains of knowledge as the year goes by, hearing the recitations of the spectacled ones. In that case she may get through a not too difficult examination. All well and good. On the other hand, if she doesn't get through, she will fail; well then —the next year she will be better able to understand the professor's questions.

Now for the parents. If their daughter passes, they can be highly delighted and say: "How quickly and easily she could learn if she only would!" by way of consolation for her class grades. But if she fails continually, they begin to realize their efforts are of no use, so why should they trouble themselves further?

And the girl herself, who is the cause of all this needless worry, views the question, as the teacher and parents should, but do not, philosophically, she is the true believer in and upholder of the doctrine: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

She argues thus:

The saying is bound to be true. It has been passed on and on, and believed by thousands. Why should I judge what has already been judged for me by people much wiser than myself? Why even should I challenge the originator of this proverb? He must indeed have been a very wise man to think of anything so pleasing and true.

Then there are many more proverbs to support this one, such as: "Opportunity knocks but once"—the opportunity for bliss, for instance; "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and the like. For who knows what labors and toils lie in life's pathway?

There is, as you see, much evidence in favor of this maxim—a maxim is a sort of hypothesis which needs no particular proof. And while the actual display of ignorance is not exactly gratifying, it is soon forgotten, and the intervals before and after are certainly full of bliss. Which statement may need some proof to convince the incredulous.

Glasses are, in most all cases, fatal to beauty. Those who do not wear them have much to be thankful for (sometimes). This is a minor point; that of physical and mental repose is all important. The girl who wears glasses and is bright in her classes is always fidgeting and jumping about, rushing from one thing to the next. The girl without glasses is calm and rested, never in a hurry, because she has plenty of time; never nervous, because her refuge is ignorance and can be reached without effort.

There are many more convincing arguments which present themselves to a thinking mind, and which cannot be defeated. There are few who can argue ably against this great principle. And when an ignorant girl remembers the smiling, blushing, spectacled countenance of her whom her professors pet and who is at the head of the class, and then thinks of her own peaceful inferiority, she says with a loud sigh of relief: "What a joy to think that if I were a boy I should not be named Percy."

Lucy Millender, '23.

Great Expectations

I'm a nice, new Freshman,
Come here just to stay
'Til perhaps by fortune
I'm Senior some day:
Then, sternly shall I frown
On all the Freshies 'round
If they hold themselves too gay;
But as I go alone to town
I'll buy them candy by the pound.
And on grand occasions of state
A snow-white tassel on cap I'll tack,
And so dignified will I officiate
In scholarly garment of black—
But from dreams must I no longer
Pictures of those far days borrow
So——to assignments for tomorrow!

MARY LYONS, '23.

Funny little Freshmen,
Running here and there,
Eat up all the hersheys
"Sissy" can e'en spare.
How they like to argue,
Making Sophomores stare!
Each one thinks she "knows it,"
No one seems to care.

M. MATTHEWS, '23.

"Jacquette"

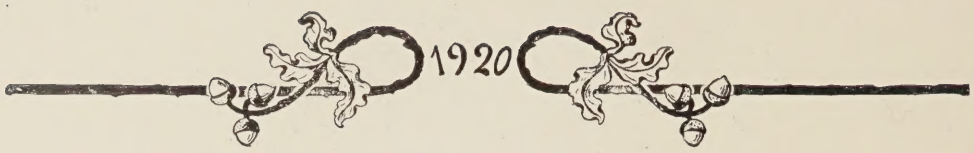
UT my stable do I stray,
Trampling o'er the campus;
Madame Bisson I obey
Till my sport she hampers.

Jacquette is my given name;
Why in French, you wonder?
'Cause from French descent I came.
Coat-of-arms?—Asunder!

Je comprends le français—tout,
Yet an ass you call me—
Madame Bisson says you do—
Such remarks appal me!

I am stubborn as can be,
But, don't think I'm stupid!
If you speak in French to me,
I'm as clever as Euclid!

M. E. Bowman, '20.



Problems of St. Genevieve's

Why Mary Lyons, Helen, and Edith have such sympathy for each other.

Why Freshmen are accused of knowing nothing by Sophs, Juniors and Seniors, but are expected to know everything by the Faculty.

Why it is neccessary to use Traffic Regulations in M. Hemphill's room during the "Flu" epidemic.

Why everyone borrows money from Agnes when they're "broke."

Why Mollie speaks French at table on Saturdays.

Why laughing doesn't make Nellie fat!

Why Madame doesn't send the bill home for our books, instead of collecting from us.

Why Ninette sees stars at night.

Why the occupants in Margaret Hemphill's room insist on using the waste paper basket in Annie Kate's room and Ninette's room across the court yard.

Why we can't eat as much chocolate as we want to and still stay thin.

Why some self-confident people don't ever get tired of themselves.

Why Molly doesn't wear the coat to her suit.

Why Elizabeth doesn't wear her ring on the left hand.

Why Dorothy doesn't go on the hikes.

How to keep the same pencil for more than a day.

How Ninette acquires her slang.

How to acquire friendships like Boswell's and Doctor Johnson's.

What we would do for plates, knives and forks after light bell if our powder boxes, old wedding invitations and manicure sets disappeared.

THE BIGGEST PROBLEM OF ALL—THE ANNUAL!

The Aftermath (of the April Banquet)

LAST, but not least were the students served. No sooner had the final footsteps of retreating guests passed slowly down the corridor, than a series of new and strange sounds voiced themselves on the third floor. "To work!" "To work!" was the general cry—and this command was taken in various ways. Some continued their gouging into the ice cream churn with renewed vigor—while others left the beaten biscuits for less stubborn material (upon which they found their way). The pickles complained that they were within themselves with consternation, while the chicken was hard "pressed" to survive the appetites of its besiegers. At last some practical person (who probably found the competition too great) suggested that the supper be formally served. This plan was rather socialistic, but the monopolists were feeling somewhat ill, any way, so all hailed the novel idea with enthusiasm.

The table was cleared of all empty dishes, then the guests seated themselves, distanced so as to permit of free elbow rotation. There was no attempt made at small conversation. The participants sat in silence. Gradually the memory dawned that inert matter does not move of its own accord, so a special committee was detailed to fetch the food. Before many minutes the table was heaped with beaten biscuits, pressed chicken, salad, ice cream, etc. The action began, and so engrossed was I, that I had lost all remembrance of my surroundings when the sudden explosion of a beaten biscuit aimed at my forehead brought me back from almonds and pickles with a start. I looked around me; just across the board I saw the familiar form of Nelly, who was manfully trying to support several robust representatives of the vegetable kingdom on her fork. I politely shoved the potato chips towards her.

"Naw, thanks," she appreciated, "I never eat post-toasties for suppers!"

"No, and you don't usually eat pressed chicken either," I answered, "but you seem to be making exceptions tonight."

Then Joe, who had also begun to take notice, inquired who had broken the chip out of the tumbler at her right. Annie Kate came to the rescue, as usual, and explained that it must have been Madame F——'s place card which had been perched too hard on the edge.

The evening passed tranquilly, and the refreshments disappeared, and everybody welcomed the message of Morpheus.

ALL'S quiet in the corridors of Aquinas Hall until someone chancing to see letters in the mail box tells someone else that the "mail has come." In an instant the news has spread like wildfire and a crowd of girls are clamoring around the box. From the end of the hall comes a well known voice, "Oh, I say, did I get one?" Out of the distance rings Dorothy's "Well, if I didn't get a letter I'm going crazy!" Buddy walks off grumbling, "I can't understand why I didn't get a letter." The lucky ones hurry away but "les miserables" linger on in hopes—hopes that some day wishes will become letters. Mary declares she is going on a strike while I vow that I am deserted by friends and family, and so we "rave." First we blame everybody at home and are starting on the post office when someone in the rear pipes up, "Well, you can't blame the postman, it isn't his fault for

Letters may come and letters may not,
But the mail man's always on the spot."

EDITH CROSSLAND, '23.

Nothing Doing

TABLE FRENCH—A Play in Two Acts.

Scene—A freshman breakfast table at S. G. C. Profound silence—polite smiles—but no words.

ACT I.

Madam, in charge of the table in a fit of desperation—"Avez-vous bien dormi mes chères enfants?

ACT II.

Deep expression of bewilderment—then the gradual dawning of the light of understanding —in a great sport of brilliancy the conversation grows into one long prolonged

"Oui, Ma-Dam!"

Then deep silence reigns.

Pumps

There are pumps and pumps—as well as various kinds of pumping. The list ranges from pumps in physics clear to town pumps. But the most discouraging type is the kind of pump that refuses to respond to any amount of pumping. We are all sometimes very much like pumps of the latter variety in class, and, especially, at examination times. It must be rather disheartening to the professor, who on giving a question to a most interested and intelligent looking student, fails to obtain the ready flow of digested knowledge expected. She must know then that this person is one of those types of pumps that are quite new and shiny, presenting a bold front, but with the inside lines not well connected, and no amount of energy expanded on the handle will produce an effect, other than an amount of noise.

The Drill Class

THE drill class is very beautiful. Indeed, it is a model drill class. It can be seen on the campus on rare occasions when the weather is fine.

It is based upon the principle that sunshine, fresh air, and light exercise are at times beneficial to girls. Of course it is a good principle, and finds ardent upholders in the Lycée.

The class is conducted methodically and well. The moment the quarter past twelve bell is heard, the students rush for the conversation room, erroneously called the reading room, or for their bed-rooms. But they are soon routed out by the energetic Lycée, and then voices may be heard anxiously inquiring: "Are we going to have drill today?"

Peggy appropriately takes the lead, and all follow her, stumbling down four flights of stairs in their eagerness to reach the broomsticks down in the gymnasium, which serve them in the place of pillories or racks. Then out the back door they go, vengefully trampling the stones in the driveway under foot, till they reach some nice warm level place, where the drilling really begins: The girls arrange themselves in four rows, Molly and Dorothy occupying important positions as each holds a bean bag. At a given signal, Molly and Dorothy throw their bean bags at Hempy and Mary Lyons, who stand with calm resignation, awaiting the blow. But sometimes they fail to put themselves in the direct path of the bean bag, the efforts to do so trains the eye to precision and makes the girls move, and the purpose of the drill class, which is exercise, is achieved, for they are obliged to run after it.

We believe that every college should have a drill class. If they were all modeled on ours, our country would soon be filled with a noble army of strong, athletic women, keen-sighted and alert —fit specimens to bear the burdens of the world on their broad and magnificent shoulders.

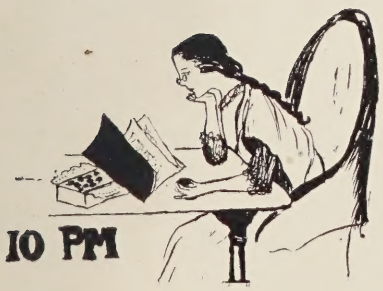
L. MILLENDER, '23.

(Apologies to Tennyson)

Ring, Bell, ring
  In the cold, cold dawn, oh gee!
Ah, how I wish thou wouldst break
  Before thou approachest me!
O it's sad! very sad for us all to hear,
  When we just begin snoring in sleep,
Your insistent little tinkle
  Summoning all from coverlets deep.
Ring, Bell, ring
  At the door of my room, oh gee!
But the gentle repose of the night before
  May never come back to me.

MARY LYONS, '23.

Freshmen Activities at S. G. C.



After dinner study time,
If you don't, it is a crime;
Lemonade and cake for tea,
A glass for you, and one for me;
Basketball at half-past five,
Lucky if you're still alive!
Gather your courage lest you flinch—
For at the table you must speak French.
After supper, come and pray,
After which, of course, you play.
Rings again the bell at eight,
Hurry away or you'll be late!
Study hard till stroke of ten,
Then forget your troubles, and grin,
For, if you've done all things right,
You'll sleep soundly all the night.

MARY LYONS, '23.

Heard in the Corridors

"You don't want your tea, do you?"

"Ssh-s-s-s-ss-s!"

Shrieks from Annie Kate's room.

Sounds of consultation from "Dark Room."

"Anybody going to the store? Bring me a winnie!"

"Come on!"

"I'll be back in a minute."

"You get Madame started on a discussion because I haven't looked at the lesson."

"Don't talk so loud!"

"Has the mail come?"

"Who's got my fig newtons?"

"Agnes, have you got any Hershey's?"

"Yes, you'll find her down in the 'Black Room.'"

Sounds of Freshmen conjugating French verbs.

Monday afternoon: Pins falling in the Sociology class.

Tuesday morning: Pounding of piano, desperate straining of voices, fierce maledictions.

10 P. M. "Wish I had a club sandwich or a box of candy!"

On Walking

WALKING is considered a gentle exercise, but it is just like all other mild things, taken other than as exactly prescribed, and you have the same effect as a broken prohibition law. Of course, there are walks, and then some walks. The first variety—dainty little sauntering strolls of about a quarter of a mile—dignified, calm, and quite usual. But the "then some walks" are so far from resembling this former kind that they bear no relationship at all, except in the general mode of locomotion, the placing of one foot before the other.

If you are going to take a walk of the latter type, you start off at a trot, working yourself up so that by the time you've left the more inhabited country you're in fine condition for the real test. Commencing with a long stride, you swing along the unfrequented path, or, if you don't like the path, strike out into the primeval forests. Nothing, like barb-wire fences or unbridged streams, should deter you; when you come to the former, if they are too high for safe manipulation, find a high place in the bottom wire, hold your breath and take a roll under; on the other side, after brushing away various species of grass and, perhaps, a bug or two, you will be none the worse for wear.

Water was never known to hurt anyone, if approached in the right way, so, if the stream has no bridge, or is too wide to jump over, calmly throw in a few stones and wade across. If there is a foot-log, you may attempt to cross on it, and if you fall off, a convenient remedy is to sit patiently in the sun until dry.

One thing you must be particular of, is that no one perceive you if you cross a freshly ploughed field, for you may be embarrassed if you hear wild imprecations hurled against you by a small child with a voice like a fog-horn—if such happens, be glad that the owner of the huge voice is only a child, for it is really terrifying to think what the voice would be like in an older person. You need not be afraid of wild animals; even as far out as you will be able to go, they are rather scarce. If cutting through a pasture, however, it might be wise to keep an eye open for any dyspeptic or sarcastic looking cows. They may resent your intrusion.

Out in the midst of the wood, even such dangers as these are considerably lessened. Do not be frightened if you see a dark object near a tree, resembling a bear; second inspection will reveal a decayed stump or some such harmless growth.

No alarm is necessitated if a sudden peculiar shriek fills the air—it is probably not the cry of an enraged panther or wildcat, but the far away whistle of a train. Rabbits, squirrels and such may cross your path, but these are practically harmless, no one ever being known to have been attacked by them; so it is not likely that they will change their nature on beholding you.

Anything resembling a bee, hornet, wasp, or any of their relatives should be left strictly alone. These creatures, being very easily irritated, resent any infringement of their rights and even go out of their way to show their independence, and contempt for authority.

Of course, as you proceed you will become very thirsty, so, at the first attractive-looking stream, you should quench your thirst. You will have, most certainly, forgotten your cup, but stoop down and drink first hand. This will be quite sanitary—a case of "From origin to consumer without handling." However, take care not to swallow very many little pebbles and not more than one large one.

As to how far to walk, that depends on how much time you have, and how fast a velocity you are capable of. If you are obliged to be back before supper, we would recommend only a moderate walk of twenty miles in the afternoon. High-heeled slippers, tight skirts, organdie dresses and picture hats may be found not quite suitable.

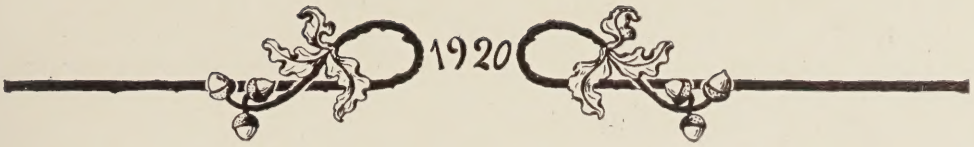
After your return when counting up costs and damages, you should find not more than two heels full of blisters, though it may feel like more. The number of cuts and scratches will depend on how many thorn and briar patches you dashed through, and on the accuracy with which you measured the distance between the barb-wire and the ground.

Yet, for all such small discomforts as these, you will be fully repaid by a fine night's rest—unless, alas, as quite probable, you're so dead tired and sore that you just can't sleep.

MARY LYONS, '23.

If the King of Belgium had come to St. Genevieve's, he would have felt much at home among so much royalty. Queen Elizabeth (E. True) would have charmed him at once, if he escaped the wiles of the stately Mary Stuart (M. S. Pegram) who doubtless would have brought him from the station in her car. Queen Anne (A. K. Wells) after a little chat would leave the floor to her roommate, Marie Antoinette (M. A. Espatilier). When at last he should have gone, one at least would weep for him, the Empress Josephine (J. B. O'Donnell).

E. CROSSLAND, '23.



An Ounce of Prevention

If you're sometimes inclined to be blue,
Look at the Freshmen, they're worse off than you.

If from swelled heads you'd e'er refrain,
Don't be like the Soph, for they seem in pain.

If a Junior wise you are,
Just wonder how you got that far.

If you wish to see the effects of knowledge,
Just look at the Seniors of our college.

If your accent's now Parisian yet,
Get some slang expressions from Ninette.

If each time you parlez-vous, your teachers have a fit or two,
Just say adieu to all français and stick to our own dear anglais.

If you're not a-taking tea,
Kindly pass it on to me.

If you're longing for a view of town,
Just go to the tower and look around.

If your footsteps are inclined to roam,
You should be provided with a chaperone.

If your purse lacks even a dime,
Don't try to borrow, it's wasting time.

If you're given to repinings,
Why, blackest clouds have *silver* linings.

If your family "doc's" not handy,
Don't eat too much M. W. candy.

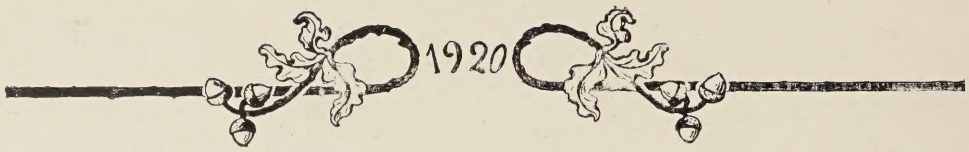
If at night you be not silent,
You will hear a rapping violent.

If to bells you do not listen,
You'll be among the missin'.

If you're feeling rather gay,
Don't play tricks, for they don't pay.

If to rules you no attention pay,
Just pack your grip and hie away.

Some may think we're talking bluff,
But you'll soon find it's true enough.



NELLIE KELLY

There is a young lady named Nellie,
And guess what? Her last name is Kelly!
  Although she's a Yankee,
  And sometimes looks cranky,
We don't really hate Nellie Kelly.

REBECCA SAUNDERS

There is a young lady named Beck,
Who sleeps very much o'er a peck;
  Every morning she'd say:
  "Is this another day?"
This poor, little, sleepy-eyed Beck.

DOROTHY DEVANEY

There was a young lady named Dot;
Who always did talk quite a lot;
  At Rossmuir we'd cry:
  "Take breath, or you'll die!"
But Dot never bothered a jot.

ELIZABETH TRUE

There is a young lady named True,
Whose eyes are a very deep blue.
  A Junior is she,
  And as cute as can be,
This clever young 'Lizabeth True.

MARGARET HEMPHILL

There is a young lady from Arden
Who in June always plants her own garden.
  Altho' Arizona's not far,
  There's a Studebaker car,
Always ready to take Margaret to Arden.

NINETTE ESPITALIER

There is a young girl named Ninette
We'll none of us ever forget.
  She surely is sweet,
  And has tiny, wee feet;
Our dear little French friend Ninette.

MARY S. PEGRAM

There is a young lady named Mary,
Who really is never contrary.
  She's always so cheery,
  And never seems weary
To help one—our charming friend Mary.

JOSEPHINE O'DONNELL

There is a young lady named Joe,
Who has a most attentive beau.
  A "Special" a day
  Keeps th' other chap away,
So reasons the beau of our Joe.

MOLLY BOWMAN

There is a young lady named Molly,
Who always is most awfully jolly;
  Though she'll giggle away,
  You'll ne'er hear us say—
"We'd rather you'd cry, jolly Molly."

AGNES GIBSON

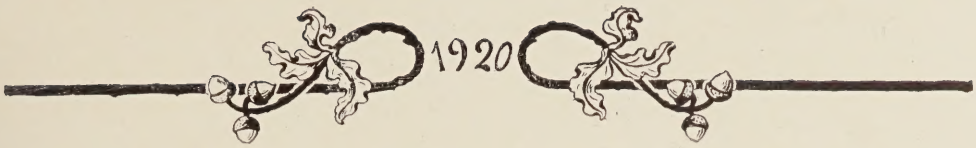
There is a young lady named Gibson
Who knows quite a lot about Ibsen;
  For Latin she has a letter,
  But in French she's still better;
This same little Miss Agnes Gibson.

ANNA KATE WELLS

There is a young lady named Wells,
Who writes stories that she never sells;
  Although she's not thin,
  In tennis she'll win—
If you let her—this Anna Kate Wells.

ELIZABETH WHITLEDGE

There is a young lady named Bess;
Whose weight we never could guess.
  She surely is pretty,
  And sometimes so witty,
Miss Whitledge, whom oft we call Bess.



Trials of a Day Student on a Rainy Morning

LET us suppose it is a rainy Friday, since all but three Fridays this year have been rainy. It seems as though an ocean that is continually rising lies between home and school. It is past eight o'clock and three minutes are left to make the car. With a jerk of your bookbag, an untangling of an umbrella, and a long sigh you make a heroic dash into the drenching torrents. There stretches before you a plain of shining clay. Your feet sink deep into the sticky substance which adheres devotedly to shoe leather. For each step forward you slip back two, your feet growing heavier and heavier.

Puffing like a freight train, you finally reach the car line at the top of the hill, carried more by your acquired momentum than by your own energy. Of course, the car is late, it was never known to be on time in bad weather, so your perfectly good running was wasted. You lean against a telephone post until the car finally comes. At last you are shoved and packed in, and you feel the water from your neighbor's umbrella trickling into your shoes.

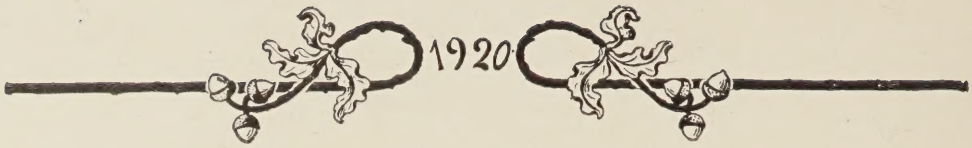
You have hardly acquired a seat when it is time to get off. Half running and panting for breath, you start again up the hill. Oh, these Asheville hills! Oh, the puddles of water and the worms!

To get out of the rain as soon as possible you try to run, jumping the puddles, now and then landing in their deepest parts. A gust of wind makes it necessary to put your umbrella before you. A sudden chill and splash make your hair stand on end and your blood run cold, and you find yourself wading ankle deep in an icy pool. This encounter does not prove fatal, however, but it leaves you with a "slushy" feeling in your shoes.

You believe your troubles are over when you finally reach the college gate, but don't boast too soon! Perhaps your shoes have accumulated enough soft "oozy" mud to have the effect of a banana peeling. Alas! Thoughts after such a catastrophe must be omitted.

After using the foot mat, you climb the stairs, withered, drenched, your enthusiasm drowned and your books faded until your bag is every color of the solar spectrum. But the day's work is really just beginning, so you collect your nerves and say to your classmates, "Beautiful morning."

HELEN MARLOWE, '23.



A Dissertation Apropos to Nothing

IT was the sort of evening that a poet would call balmy, but not being at all poetic, we called it fierce! A slight, rumbling breeze stirred the damp, curly locks of our hero's Van Dyke, and he in disgust—oh, yes, we meant to tell you that he was much disguised—well, as we said a few minutes ago, he threw back his head with a proud motion. We simply adore proud motions, don't you?

Suddenly a noise was heard in the nearby brush (not in the shaving brush, but something of the same genus); and our hero started up. He wasn't exactly alarmed, but the fact remains he started. And when he stopped for breath after the first eight miles, a thought struck him. Fortunately for him, though, he had a fine hard head and not even a thought could bowl him over!

Just as the strange thing above-mentioned occurred, he said to himself, said he: "See here, Myself, this is no way for a hero to act at all, at all. We shall turn right around and go back to investigate that there uncanny poise."

And back he went. After much hemming and hawing, oh, he hemmed and hawed a great many times; and at any rate, guess what had caused the noise? Nothing but the corn stalking 'round the field.

Do you like this story? Neither do we!

That Mysterious Room

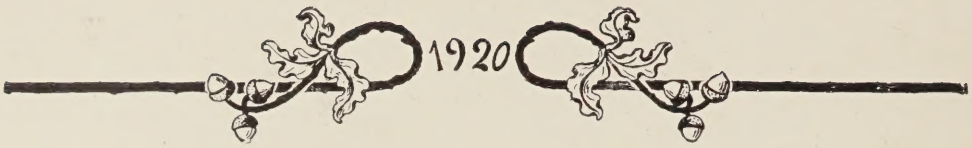
EVERYBODY knows that the lizard changes his color to suit his position, but did anybody ever hear of a room that does? To the uninitiated the door next to 123 is very innocent looking, but—to those who know! As a very green Freshie, I was once taken to this room to hunt for something. All I saw was boxes and odds and ends of furniture. Said I, to my companion, "This is the storage room"; to myself, I said, "I wonder if there is any knowledge stored up in here." (That last test had used up all mine). But soon I had to change my idea, Freshies always have to on everything. One night I passed by and, on hearing voices coming from there, I inquired of a wise Sophomore who was also passing, whom she thought could be rummaging in there at such a late hour. In a tone that said: "You poor innocent," she informed me that it was the office of The Flambeau and, moreover, if I were good they might let me contribute a joke. Oh! Oh! One learns something every day.

That's only change number one. If I saw the staff clearing out their papers and an ice cream freezer coming to take their place, I would not be surprised. If I saw girls hurrying in and out carrying plates of real "eats," I would not ask why, for now I'm on to it and I know it's only change number two. The office has become a pantry. Why is this room like machine oil? If nobody knows I will have to tell, because it's "three in one."

Well, I have heard of people like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, who had two identities, but this room has gone them one better," it has three.

EDITH CROSSLAND,
Class '23.

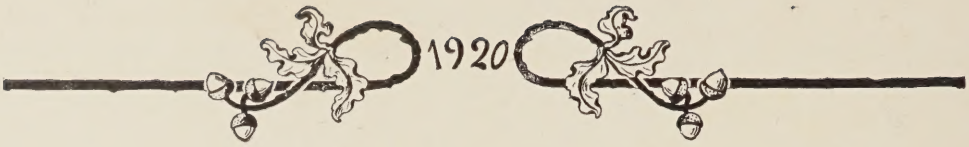
The Busiest Place in the World



"Our 1920 Publications"

"The Palace of Art"—The Reading Room on April 26th
"Hours of Idleness"—Non-existent
"Visions of Judgment"—The sight of Anna Kate's midnight visitor
"Reminiscences"—Hempy's Memorable Dates
"House of Fame"—The Villa Notre Dame
"The Castaway"—"Le Flambeau" Dummy
"Bleak House"—Third Floor when the radiators fail to work
"Tremendous Trifles"—Staff's Finishing Touches
"Storm in a Teacup"—Commotion over a mouse in Aquinas Corridor
"Midd'emarch"—St. Patrick Day Concert
"The Supposes"—Dorothy's vivid imagination
"Desperate Remedies"—Black Coffee at Midnight
"The Noble Numbers"—Benefactors of the Annual
"The Progress of the Mind"—The "Sophs"
"Modern Painters"—Mary Lyons and Lucy Millender
"Tale of a Tub"—The bath tub, so filled with flowers on April 25 that we couldn't open the door
"Modest Proposal"—Let's take in the Movies tonight!
"An Evening Walk"—To "Johnson's" at 8 p. m.
"Night Thoughts"—"I hate to get up in the morning"
"Handy Andy"—Will Sents
"The Choir Invisible"—The Glee Club
"Treasure Island"—The New Dictionary
"Table Talk"—French
"The Pathfinders"—Freshmen
"Travels with a Donkey"—Over the campus in Jacquette's cart

ALUMNAE NEWS



Dear Girls of the College:

My! doesn't time pass quickly? Just think, Alumnae day will soon be here and we shall have the pleasure of again being together.

We are not so many in numbers, now, since we are to have two distinct alumnae associations, one for the College and one for the Academy. But we are growing every year and soon, I hope, the college will be represented by a splendid organization. Let us not build castles in the air; let us rather help towards the erection of a new structure. It is the desire of the Faculty to have a separate building for the College. The number of students enrolled demands another building. The names on the roll have increased to such an extent that it will be necessary in a very short time to add class rooms and dormitories and an auditorium. But our first great need is for a *College buildnig*. To accomplish this we must have material assistance, and, I'm going to ask all to do something towards helping St. Genevieve's reach its goal.

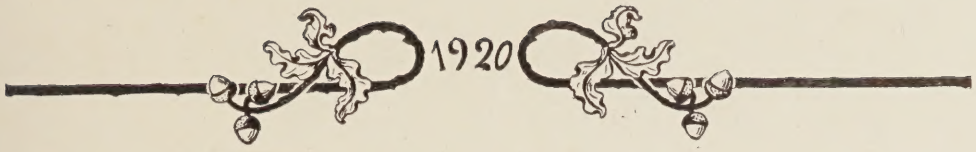
I have been able to get news of the following girls and I know you will be interested in hearing about them.

I wish all of you would write to me so I could tell your classmates through Le Flambeau, of your whereabouts and what you are doing.

Hoping to have many of you present at our annual meeting, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Frances Artz, Lycée, '17.



AMOROUS, ISABEL, Marietta, Georgia.

Isabel has been visiting her sister Emma this past winter at her home in New York, but has returned to Atlanta.

BERNECKER, BERTHA, Asheville, N. C.

Bertha Bernecker came out on Library day to pay a visit to St. Genevieve's, and also to help us increase the library. We were very glad to see her once again and we wish she would visit us more often.

BIVINGS, PAULINE.

We regret that we can give no news of Pauline's whereabouts as we have not heard from her this year.

BOWMAN, MOLLIE, Sumter, S. C.

Molly is ediotr-in-chief of "Le Flambeau" this year. Congratulations, Mollie! You surely deserve every one's praise for producing such a good annual, and congratulations also for that diploma which you will take home with you after commencement.

BRADFORD, MARY, Asheville, N. C.

Mary is in Asheville where she has a position, but finds time to come out to visit her old friends and to attend the Sodality meetings.

CARPENTER, MARY AMBLER, Asheville, N. C.

We are very glad to know that Mary may be able to come for the alumnae meeting, although she is kept quite busy now with John, Jr.

COOKE, ISABEL, Asheville, N. C.

Isabel is one of the loyal members of the Alumnae, and is seen at the convent every once in a while.

DICKERMAN, MARGARET, New York.

Margaret—but I had better call her Peggy, or some of you won't know of whom I am speaking —finished the Lycée course this year, and already she is besieged by offers to teach French.

DUTTON, WALKER SARA.

We are sorry that we have heard nothing from Sara since the last publication of "Le Flambeau."

ELIAS, ALLPORT SUZANNE, Asheville, N. C.

Suzanne is living in Grove Park. Why don't you come out, Suzanne, and bring your small son? We would be very pleased to see you both.

GARNETT, JONES JANIE, Alexandria, Va.

Janie was in town several times last summer and came out to St. Genevieve's. It has been some time since Janie left Asheville, and we have missed her very much.

GIBSON, AGNES, Charleston, S. C.

Agnes has been at St. Genevieve's for several years, having finished the Academic course in 1916, and in June she will receive her Lycée diploma and B. A. degree. Agnes will certainly be missed next year for she has been very popular both with the Faculty and girls. A record of which not every one can boast, however, I should never use the word boast in speaking of Agnes, for of all people she is among the least pretentious.

GRAY, RUTH, Milnay, N. J.

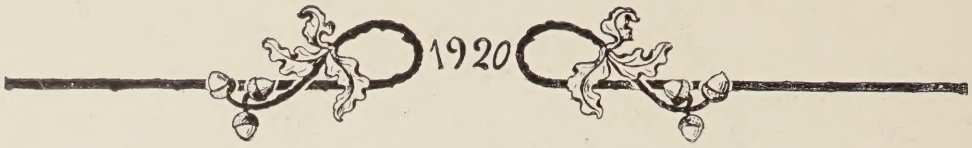
We were very pleased to have a letter from her not long ago. She expressed the wish to come down for commencement and we all hope that she will be able to do so, but she is very busy these days as she has a position in her father's office.

HENSLEY, STUART, HELEN, Greensboro, N. C.

Helen is living at Blackwell, S. C., so we hear, where her husband, Dr. Charles Hensley, is practicing medicine. We would be very pleased to have a letter from you, Helen, and hear all about yourself and family.

HILL, FRANCES, Huntington, W. Va.

Frances is teaching at St. Genevieve's, where she has been since finishing college.



IRWIN, STUART, WILLYE, Augusta, Georgia.

Willye is living in Augusta, Georgia. We would love to see her and her young daughter Betty. May we count on her for a future pupil, Willye?

MARTIN, FLORENCE, Black Mountain, N. C.

Florence is taking post graduate work at Trinity College, Washington, D. C.

MCINTYRE, MARGARET, Asheville, N. C.

Margaret is at home but we haven't seen her for quite a while. Where do you keep yourself, Margaret?

MEEHAN, MARY, Asheville, N. C.

Mary is progressing in the Lycée course in the college, where she is proving herself a good college student.

MORAN, DOROTHY, Atlanta, Georgia.

Dorothy is at Camp Gordon. The following letter has been received from her:

"I started work out here on July 1st, and am in the office of Education and Recreation. It was quite interesting for a while, during the period of organizing the schools, with an inspector from Washington about every other day.

"That is all over now but we have something still better, we are getting out a camp newspaper. It is a most attractive little periodical. Will send you a copy so that you may see what we are doing.

"I am also having a nice time socially and wish I could tell you all about it, but am extremely busy now.

PARKER, DOROTHY, Asheville, N. C.

Dorothy had a class in French at Grove Park school for a few months, but is at home now, and a lady of leisure.

PERRY, ANNE, Asheville, N. C.

Anne is at home just now, which is very unusual for her, as she is generally off on some grand trip.

Anne had a class in French for several weeks at the Asheville High School this winter, while one of the teachers was sick, and made a splendid success.

REEVES, MARY, Acton, N. C.

Mary comes out now and then to see us and attends meetings of the Sorority. Mary spends most of her time out of town visiting and it's hard to catch her at home.

STANTON, FRANCES, Elkhart, Ind.

Frances is teaching French in one of the High Schools of Elkhart. It is rumored that she is coming for the alumnae meeting, along with her old room-mate, Katherine Grimes, but she has already sent her address to the old girls for the college building. It will be found at the conclusion of these notes.

STEWART, NORMA.

Norma's *most interesting letter* to us is published in this number of "Le Flambeau."

WELLS, K. ANNIE, West Asheville, N. C

Annie Kate is doing the second year Lycée, but even the terrors of French literature and grammar do not keep Annie Kate from enjoying life.

ZIMMERMAN, NELLIE, Asheville, N. C.

Nellie had a position in Washington but has now returned to remain with her parents. She seems to be very busy these days, taking a business course but we wish she would come out to see us.

STEWART, NORMA, Paris, France.

The following from Norma speaks for itself.

Paris, March 24, 1920.

Dear Girls:

Although it is only a little over a year since I have seen a number of you, so many strange and interesting things have come between that I feel as if the time were twice as long. I am so glad to be able to reach you through a letter jointly to you all.

To begin with I am going to ask to be forgiven for writing a very long letter, for I am sure that I have as much to talk about as would fill the entire space allotted to the Alumnae in the Flambeau. So just let me ramble along, and then you can make extracts for the Annual.

I am sure that everyone who graduates from St. Genevieve's Lycée, if not every other student of St. Genevieve's, has a desire to live in, or at least visit "la belle France." With me it was a desire to live in France, and since my arrival, March, 1919, I have never felt that it was a foreign country, but just another home, and so I am going to stay just as long as I can. Having a knowledge of the language, of course, was a great asset that most of the girls who came over did not have. I am sure I do not know how they ever got along in the hotels and other places, and in the country towns especially, where they had to talk with French people. However, it is true that Paris was literally filled with Americans up until August of last year. And not only Americans, but men of all nationalities could be seen on the streets of Paris in their various uniforms, down to the dusky Arab in his sandals and long flowing robe.

It is a different city now, with all our khaki gone. There were thousands of our men and officers either on leave or stationed here during the summer. The Sorbonne University had complete courses for the college boys of the U. S. Army who were "detailed" to attend them. For the entertainment and welfare of these as well as other A. E. F. men, all of the war work organizations operated hotels, cafeterias, cinemas, theatres, sight-seeing tours in and outside of Paris, and various other activities. We had almost a little America ourselves here, so you can readily see that with all these things ended, it is quite a different life and contact. I like both, and am glad that I had the experience of knowing the Paris of war-time (or rather Armistice-time) as well as of Peace-time. My assignment has been in Paris, but I have visited several camps, so although it was not my fate to "put over the job" there, I know from experience how to sew chevrons on for a rough but respectful infantry private, and I have served ice-cream to a line of men that seemed almost interminable because many of them would go around in a circle, so that the same faces would appear at the counter for the eighth or tenth time! All these duties, though, did not fall to me officially, it was the exception.

My real "job" has been as secretary. My duties as a secretary naturally include the writing of letters in English or French, and seeing visitors—I can't say English and French, for sometimes the caller might be a Russian, a Czecho-Slovak or a Pole who spoke very bad French, or he might be a Portuguese speaking a little French and a little Spanish. Well, my experience as interpreter both in the office and out have been far from uninteresting, and I only hope that I

haven't too often translated a Portuguese runabout into an Egyptian deity or some such thing.

As Paris is the headquarters for our foreign work we often have first-hand news of happenings in Italy, Greece, Turkey, Russia and Egypt, and the newly organized Roumania, Czecho-Slovakia, and Poland. For the last three countries, I was here to help send out our first expeditions of workers and supplies, and it has been most interesting to watch the work expand. These peoples because of the links between them and America as a new Republic have the highest regard for us and are very appreciative of what Americans are doing for them. Only yesterday I read in the paper that Paderewski spoke on the subject in his speech in Rome. All is not peaceful, in these foreign countries, as you know, and in an insurrection not long ago two of our senior secretaries in the Near East lost their lives. In Egypt there is the continual dispute between the Moslems and the Jews or Zionists, so if it is not a war over boundaries, it is one within them. And no doubt you have heard of the blizzard in Jerusalem, where it never snows, and where buildings were crushed in under the weight of twenty feet of snow.

I sometimes regret very much that I have not been in some of these foreign fields-of-endeavor, but I couldn't very well be in Paris at the same time. Certainly I am glad that I was here to go with the thousands to Versailles for the signing of peace on the 28th of June, and see those wonderful fountains start to play for the first time since the war—nearly five years. Also to witness the most remarkable July 14th that has ever been celebrated. Another wonderful sight that can never be seen again was the great "arena," the Pershing Stadium, filled with contestants from the Allied Armies, for the "Military Olympics." That glorious sight of the mèlange of flags, and people, aeroplanes of every description circling overhead and out-doing each other with stunts of all kinds, will not soon be forgotten. To be in Paris with all these kinds of things and with dinners, dances, and theatres with Americans always, is very different from now. It is a French Paris for me now. I have seen at the Odeon the Cid of Corneille, and Brittanicus, and a number of other plays we labored over in the Lycée, and I miss no opportunity to attend a French opera or lecture or any thing that counteracts the effect of a whole day with American work and American people.

It has been my good fortune to have a visit to Provence and the Riviera, stopping at Marseille, Nice and Monte Carlo, that gaming place I so long looked upon with horror and awe, as if it were of another world. In the Vosges I spent a short vacation at a little summer resort on a lake. But it is in Normandie and Bretagne that I found picturesque country and people and customs "just like you read about." The "paysan" lives in that very dugout in the chalk cliffs or that very little "chaumiere" that are pictured and written about in our Littérature Française. The Cathedrals are very numerous and very beautiful; the Dolmens are just as gigantic and wonderful, and the apple blossoms and cider just as plentiful as we have always been told. I expect to go to Brest again on Friday for a stay of two or three weeks, and will see again the men dressed in long full middy blouses and broad-brimmed hats with streamers hanging down the back, and count again the numbers of different kinds of little lace caps that the Bretonnes wear on the tip top of

their heads, and hear the rattle of little donkey carts like Mme. Bisson's, and the clump-clump of wooden shoes on the cobble stones.

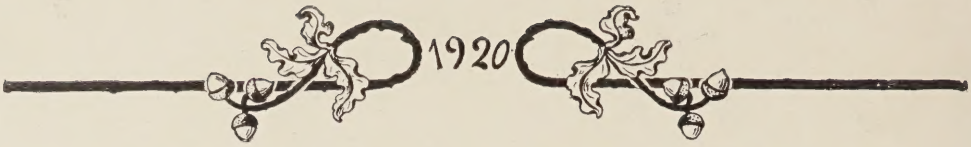
Although I do appreciate the wonderful privileges of the Opera and the Louvre—to say nothing of the Champs-Elysées, the Latin Quarter and the Montmartre!—still I fear I must admit that the greater part of my heart is occupied by the work I am doing.

I hope that next time I have an opportunity of talking to you I shall be able to say that we have realized our hopes, and may I be able to tell you in person. And I shall tell you how very much I think about you all and St. Genevieve's and what a great portion of the success of the effort to do my little bit in the realization, is due to St. Genevieve's—to Mother Lorin and the dear Sisters, with whom I spent nearly four happy years.

It is hard to say "good-by." I should like to fill another sheet of this paper, but I shall write to you again soon, and I hope that I shall have some newsy letters in return very soon from you.

Faithfully and devotedly,

NORMA STEWART.



The New St. Genevieve's

IS it not essentially appropriate that the separate organization of our college should be signalized by those material attestations of progress, achievement, and loyalty, that might naturally be expected to grace the culmination of years of untiring endeavor?

Although comparatively in its infancy, founded in 1909, St. Genevieve's, in point of thoroughness and efficiency, stands in the front rank of colleges today. Of that memorable day in September, 1909, when the college department opened its doors for the reception of students, we may truly say that a fire was kindled on the altar of learning which we have good reason to hope will not be extinguished.

It was not long after the opening until the college became widely and favorably known for the signal ability of its scholarly and earnest professors. In the fall of 1915 it had taken such a standing as to the general character of its work, that the right to confer degrees was granted, together with official recognition. Each year new class-rooms, new residence halls, new space for equipment and appliances were imperatively demanded. More and more, teachers, students and friends felt the growing importance of some permanent provision for its maintenance as a separate and larger organization. But the time was not yet propitious for these aims to be realized in fullest measure. The "World War" made it impossible for the college to go on with a steady advance in breadth, equal to all that it had accomplished in thoroughness. However, after the purchase of Washington Lodge and Villa Notra Dame, the college was acclaimed a distinct establishment or organization. That this change met with popular approval is evident from the fact of increased attendance in the college classes.

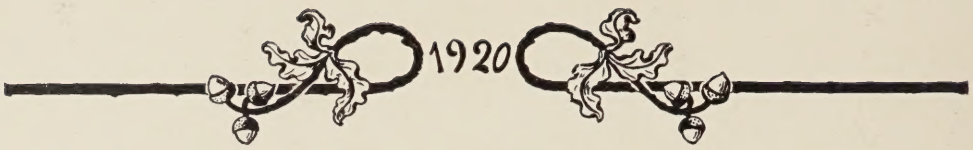
"Father Time" may seem to make the reward of heroic purpose a thing of tardy bestowal, Yet in the end is it not of greater merit, of more real value? And so it is with our college. The St. Genevieve's of 192— will be different. The construction of the projected new building will mark an epoch in the history of the school. It will herald the transition from brick and wood to stone and steel. It will give evidence of St. Genevieve's progress, of her undiminished striving, of her unfaltering devotion to the most sublime of objectives. It will be a substantial manifestation that the spirit which actuated Mother Deplanck in every endeavor, the Ideal which marked her goal, still flames and inspires our dear Mother Lorin as well as the Sisters and students. But this by no means marks the ultimate goal of the college. 'Tis true the new building will materialize within a brief space of time, while other dreams, other hopes and plans for our dear Alma

Mater must needs await the wand of future development. The "New St. Genevieve's" aspires to equal in structure and enrollment, her eminence in scholarship, patriotism, and endeavor.

The "newer" and "greater" St. Genevieve's, however, will be realized in a measure directly proportionate to the zeal and enthusiasm manifested by her students and Alumnae. We who have known the campus and class rooms, the deeds and traditions of the old school, cherish only the fondest memories, the most reverent esteem.

If "Le Flambeau" of 1920 will serve to reawaken these memories in the minds of graduates and old students, who will then transform "well wishes" into a tangible effort to hasten the realization of the splendid project,—there is no doubt but that her latest step will be crowned with success. Real cooperation will be of the practical nature that insures results. It's a fine thing to wax reminiscent and live again your girlhood hours at the old school, but it will be a finer deed after all to turn to and bring forth from the mists of fancy into the enduring sunshine of actuality a newer, bigger, and better St. Genevieve's.

FRANCES STANTON, B. A., '16.



Editorial

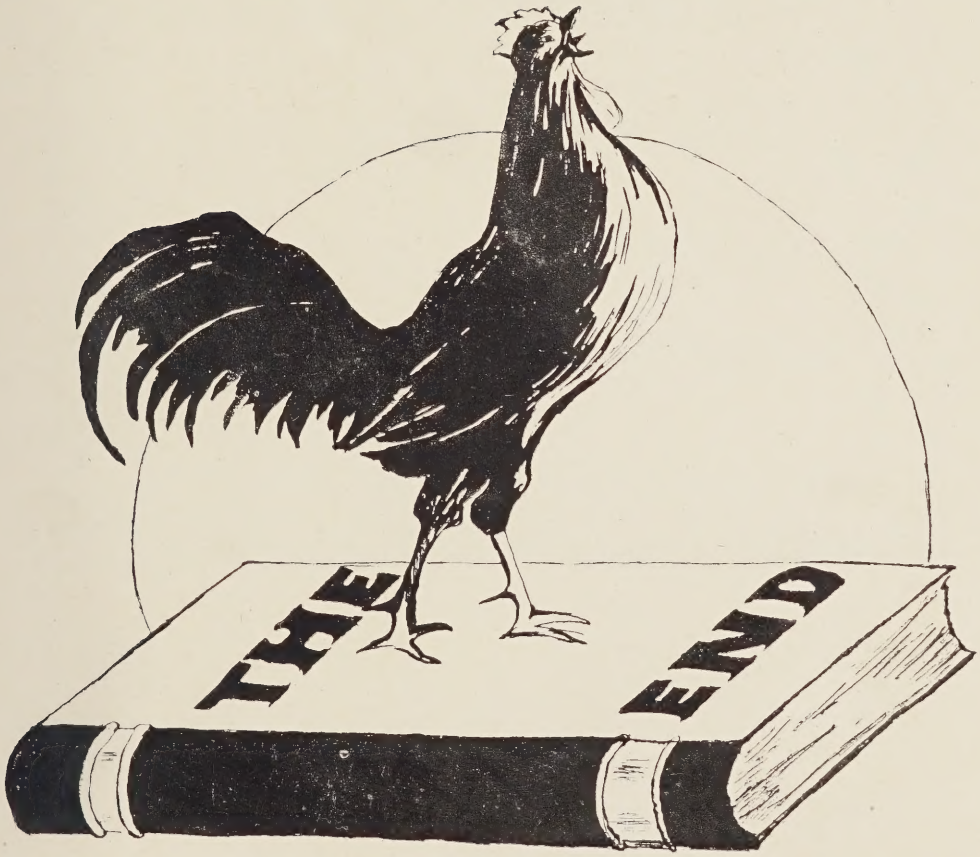
IN the name of "Le Flambeau" staff I wish to express an earnest gratitude to the generous benefactors of our annual. The aid of our devoted Superior was indispensable. Our Faculty adviser, sacrificed much of her own precious time for ours. Miss Nita Gibson of Charleston, South Carolina, proved most loyal to her Alma Mater by acting as assistant art editor. Miss Frances Artz, president of the alumnae association, also deserves praise for her kind attention. The Misses Frances Stanton, Frances Hill and Nellie Belote all gave helpful services.

I also wish to thank the students for their unselfish cooperation. We only hope that the result of their efforts will in some way repay them for their toil. If each of us could appreciate at present what our book will mean to us in later years, perhaps we would even now receive a recompense.

Often in our dreams reminiscence fills the heart, and the present seems to be past, and there is no future and the past has no "by-gone days." In succeeding years we shall reverse the flight of time; we shall re-live our college days. On many a summer night shall our memories sparkle like the starlit floor of heaven; on many a silent morn will our thoughts center on a "long-ago-present," picturing bright images in our minds, just as the early dawn paints his golden-pink across the eastern skies. Then, after the blazing sun is set behind the west horizon, many a dusky eve will melt into a dream.

Le Flambeau prophecies our future retrospection, and hopes to vivify our sweetest recollection.

M. E. Bowman, Editor.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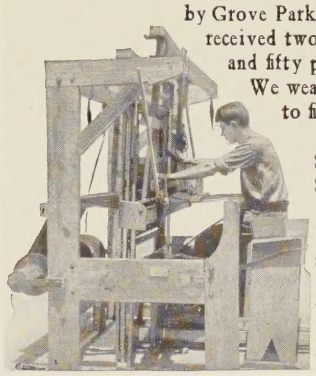

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